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NE of the jokes of the ship—in fact, the most popular joke among several—was Ensign Anvers's state-room. Being only six by eight feet, and containing twelve views of the same young and very pretty little lady, it may be said to have "worn its heart on its sleeve," as it were.

These photographs had arrived quarterly during the three years the United States ship "Alliance" was gone on the cruise to China. When one considers that the very first to reach the eager hands of the enslaved ensign was a bromide print showing hair so long that it not only could be, but honestly had to be, parted and tied back with a ribbon, the beauties of the last photograph before the Alliance was ordered home may be left to the imagination.

The truth is, Margery was his baby girl, from whose tiny fists he positively tore his fore-

fingers away when she was only about a month old, when his ship was sent away to the very rim of the world.

The ensign was the youngest and by far the biggest officer in the mess; and as he bored every one to death talking about his child, and reading aloud all the parts of his home letters relating to her, it naturally followed he had to stand a lot of ward-room chaff. It also naturally followed that when the American mail came on board, the other officers fled from him, to a man.

But then he had such a way of laughing at himself, even more loudly than the rest, his face a gleam, his ridiculous little mustache making the most of itself, that the mere sunny good nature and overflowing happiness of the young father made them ashamed. One by one they had a way of dropping into his state-room,—aft on the starboard side,—and with a brave "Well, Daddy Anvers, what's the news of Margery?" they stood the deluge of words which instantly followed.

They knew all about her teething, and just how nearly the molars had finished her; they

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went through croup twice with her, and a slight attack of whooping-cough; they had to listen to the phenomenal wit of her first words, the wonder of her first steps—the result of it all being that the ensign and his baby became important factors of that cruise.

Naturally there was a shout when Anvers came over the side to quarters, the early July morning after the Alliance got back to New York from Shanghai, and was anchored in the North River.

They gathered around him on the deck, and a half-dozen voices called out: "Morning, daddy." "How's the shaver?" "Well, what did you think of her?" "Yes; and what did she think of you?"—this last speech with withering emphasis.

If they had hoped by this public demonstration to keep in check his parental exuberance, they failed utterly.

He stood there smiling as only he could smile, dressed in his "cits," that he outgrew too rapidly for his pay, a new straw hat on the back of his head, the latest thing in neckties blazing under his round chin, and began at once and proudly: "I say, fellows, the best yet—"

"Great Scott!" groaned his particular chum and classmate, Ensign Follin, the Captain's aide, turning on his heel and walking off as if in despair.

"By jingo, Anvers, you might let up on us, now you've got her mother to talk to," expostulated the assistant engineer, and he and several others retreated suddenly. But the officer of the deck and the young surgeon were too lazy to move, and to them Anvers went calmly on: "You see, of course she does n't remember me, and so she's got all her ideas of me from a half-length photograph—"

"And quite enough, too," growled the officer of the deck, who had stood the morning watch, and did n't propose standing anything else that day without protest.

"And so when her mother brought her in and introduced us with: 'Now, Margery, here's papa at last,' my daughter—she's a beauty, too, I tell you, Doc—"

"Took after her father's family in that," said the "little doctor" sweetly.

"Sure! Well, my daughter looked me over slowly from head to foot, and then she said positively: 'No, 't ain't; my papa has n't got any legs.'"

And they could hear his big, jolly laugh as he ran down the ladder to get into his uniform, and even the officer of the deck was left there smiling.

A few days later the wives of some of the officers came off to the twelve-o'clock breakfast in the ward-room. Anvers looked very blank when he saw the small ball of white beside his wife in the ship's cutter as it returned from the Twenty-third Street landing.

"What under the canopy shall we do with Margery?" he whispered to her, as they stepped from the gangway to the deck.

"I do want her to see you as much as possible, and get used to you, and realize things," whispered back pretty little Mrs. Anvers pathetically, adding: "and you just *must* have a full-length photograph taken for her the very first day you're off duty; and she can have her nap in your state-room while we're at lunch, and sometimes she sleeps for hours."

In the meanwhile there stood little brown-eyed, yellow-haired Margery, a fluff of white muslin and baby lace, shaking hands gravely with the officers, who pressed about her, eager with curiosity and admiration.

Far down the deck stood the men in knots, straining forward to look, and in their eyes the sailor's endless hunger for the sight of women and children.

Margery's little feminine heart told her that something was being expected of her in the way of conversation, so during a pause she asked:

"Do you know Katie?"

They exchanged glances; a cadet burst suddenly into a loud laugh, and was at once sent away in disgrace.

"No; but we all want to very much. Who is she?" volunteered the "big doctor" gently, knowing it was expected of him as a family man to help them out.

"She's des Katie," was the sturdy reply.

"Oh, yes, of course. Well, why did n't you bring her?"

"My mama said she could n't eat with the

orsifers, and could n't eat with the sailors—so that 's why."

"Mrs. Anvers, how 's this? What 's the matter with us, that we can't have the pleasure of Miss Katie's society?" called out the doctor, turning toward the others.

"Katie!—what are you talking about?" exclaimed the little mother, advancing. "She 's Margery's nurse." Thereupon there was such a howl of delight that the little girl fled frightened to her mother's skirts. Presently she looked up, and they all heard her ask in a loud whisper: "Mama, are these the orsifers?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then I 'd like to see the sailors, please, mama."

Amid shouts of laughter the wife of the navigator asserted, with pretended jealousy:

"Well, as far as we ladies are concerned, we might just as well have stayed at home, for all the attention we shall receive."

But after a while the hosts managed to tone down their sea-voices and manners to the child's low key, and she became very friendly with them as the little party strolled about the deck. There is not much doubt that, by all their blandishments on this exciting occasion, Margery would have been utterly wrecked in both digestion and manners, if breakfast had not been soon announced.

As they turned to go below, a sudden fit of mischief seized her, and she danced away, laughing, down the deck toward the poop, where her mother and the little doctor caught her, stopped short by a rope across the deck and the burly form of the quartermaster on watch.

"What 's that for? I do hope they 're not painting," Mrs. Anvers asked anxiously of the assistant surgeon.

"We 've got a regular 'sundowner' in the Captain's cabin this cruise. I dare say Anvers has mentioned the fact once or twice in his letters. You see, he has nerves,—it certainly is n't conscience,—and he can't sleep at night, and so has to make it up during the day; hence this sacred spot over the cabin, which is dedicated to silence and repose."

"Mama, what 's a sundowner?" Margery asked sleepily a few moments later, as her mother took off the little white dress and tucked the

child away in her father's bunk, not much wider than her own small crib.

"I 'm sure I don't know, Margery," answered her mother, absent-mindedly.

"Is it nice or howid?"

"Oh, horrid, of course."

And Margery's very first thought on awakening, an hour and a half later, was of the extremely unsatisfactory nature of her mother's reply, and



"MARGERY TIPTOED INTO THE CABIN PANTRY, AND HID."
(SEE PAGE 798.)

for some time she lay still thinking about it. Then she crawled down from the bunk, and struggled into her dress the best way she could, but of course it was not to be supposed she could fasten it at the back. Peeping out into the ward-room, she found no one there but the Japanese "boys" clearing off the deserted table, and carrying perfect mountains of plates in their small brown hands.

It was very interesting to watch them, and she almost forgot her deep-laid plan until there was a sudden hush, and she noticed that the work was done, and only one ward-room boy

was left, arranging the dark cover and the bowl of flowers in the exact center of the long table.

As he turned to leave, the tiny white figure with the rumpled head burst out of the state-room, crying:

"Oh, please don't go away!"

He turned quickly, and his face broke into one of those complete Japanese smiles that even the baby was quick to appreciate. She begged him in her pretty way to take her to the Captain's cabin; and he, thinking all the party must be there, carried her up the ladder, pointed out the door to her, and then vanished in the radiance of another smile.

She found, to her dismay, a big soldier walking back and forth; but she waited for a chance, and holding up her skirt as she had seen her mother do when not wishing to make a noise, she tiptoed into the cabin pantry, and hid. Happily, the orderly was soon called away; then she fled to the cabin door, and got safely inside. She turned with a beating heart and frightened eyes, and stared slowly about. No one was there; it was just a big bare room with a busy-looking desk in one corner. The room beyond was empty, too, to her mingled relief and disappointment. Spying another door on the right, she pattered through, fairly holding her breath; and there all she saw was a gray-haired man, lying on the bunk, asleep.

She had been taught all her short life to respect sleep, so she climbed softly into the only chair in the room, folded her wee fat hands, and waited.

She tried to be very quiet, but it 's not at all an easy thing to do immediately after a long nap, so finally she just had to give one little cough for company.

The figure moved, and a voice called out roughly:

"Get out! get out! I don't care a rap who it is, or what it is! I 've told you, orderly —"

With a child's unfailing glee at being taken for some one else, Margery's sweet baby-laugh stopped short the tirade. The man sat up suddenly, and a pair of angry blue eyes met her smiling brown ones.

"What in thunderation —" he began, rubbing his eyes, and looking again in utter astonishment at the composed little creature.

"I 'm so glad you woke up," she said comfortably. "Please won't you button my dress, and then I want to see the sundowner," she demanded at once, not caring to lose any more time; and she slid off the chair, went close to the bunk, turned her back to him, and stood waiting.

"Is it buttoned?" she asked presently, her pretty head half turned round.

The man gave a short laugh.

"I could n't find mama, you see, and I was in such a hurry," she explained. She felt the fingers beginning to fumble at her back; then she heard a low grunt of impatience, and finally he sprang up off the bunk. He sat down in the chair, drew her toward him, and went to work deliberately on the buttons. When it was done, she turned and looked at him; and he sat, the gray hair awry, and scowled back. He had on the very queerest kind of a long wrapper, fiery red, covered with huge black dragons, and Margery began to feel afraid for the first time.

"I thought you were des the Captain; but I guess you must — be — the — sundowner," she said faintly, edging off toward the door.

"Hang the sundowner! Who told you about any sundowner, any way?" he growled.

"A man told mama, upstairs," was her vague answer, fortunately for the little doctor.

"O-oh! um — well, what makes you think I 'm the sundowner, now you 've had a good look at me, eh?"

"'Cause mama said — somesin —" she said, hesitating, and very unhappy.

"So they all had a fling at me, it seems. What did she say? Out with it!"

"She said — he — was — howid," wailed Margery, her lips trembling, and tears filling her eyes.

Captain or sundowner, this man caught her up in his arms, and laughed loud and long as he carried her into the cabin and put her gently down on the cushioned transom, where she promised to stay until he rejoined her, after brushing his hair and slipping into his uniform.

"You see, I 'm 'des' the Captain; the — er — sundowner went away just as you came in," he explained, to her great relief.

"Does your little girl come and play here

every day?" she chirped blithely, now entirely at her ease, and enjoying herself hugely, after having told him all there was to tell about herself, including Katie.

"I have n't any little girl, Margery."

"Why?" He stared a moment.

"I'm an old bachelor; I'm not married."

"Why?"

His grim face changed, and he said slowly:

"Nobody ever seemed to want me."

in the outer cabin, his eyes fairly popping out of his head at the Captain's unusual visitor and consequent behavior.

"This is my dinner-hour," he explained, "and, by the by, have they given you any lunch?"

"Bread and milk," confided Margery, making a little face.

The Captain rang his bell. As the big marine opened the door he almost forgot to salute at the sight before him. He looked so thor-



"I'M SO GLAD YOU WOKE UP," MARGERY SAID COMFORTABLY.

She was standing leaning against his knee, and she began rubbing her hair into a worse tangle against his arm, before she answered thoughtfully:

"I'm not married, either, and I have n't any little girls. I guess I'm an old bachelor, too."

And then and there Margery received her first proposal of marriage, and accepted it promptly, amid peals of laughter from them both as the bride-elect was tossed up to the ceiling.

The colored steward began setting the table

oughly frightened that Margery instinctively looked quickly over the Captain's shoulder.

"That's all right, orderly—this time," said the Captain, with twinkling eyes. "The enemy was a little too smart for you, and stole a march on us. Present my compliments to Mr. Anvers, and tell him I'd be pleased to see him at once."

"Yes, sir," said the bewildered man, as he left the cabin.

He found the ensign with the rest of the party on the spar-deck, and delivered the message,

saluting with an extra flourish for the benefit of the ladies.

"All right," rang out Anvers's big cheery voice, as he sprang to his feet.

"The Captain 's awake early to-day," said he, looking at his watch, as he turned off with the orderly.

"Yes, sir; he was waked, I think, sir. I found a little baby with him just now, and —"

"A *what?*" shouted Anvers, stopping short.

The man told all he knew, and the ensign gave a groan as he strode back to the others, and said tragically:

"I 'm lost. Margery 's got into the cabin somehow, and waked the Great Mogul. She 's there now, and he 's sent for me. You *would* bring her," he added reproachfully to his wife.

"Oh, what will he do to you?" she asked breathlessly, ready to cry. But all the others thought it was very funny indeed, and the men's teasing voices followed poor Anvers as he strode away.

"Good-by, old shipmate. So sorry to lose you," cried Follin.

"Want to borrow a trunk?" piped the little doctor.

"We 'll go in and gather up his bones in five or six minutes," suggested the chief, gloomily.

"I," said the fly,
"With my little eye,
I saw him die,"

croaked the paymaster.

"Come in, come in," said the Captain, rather irritably, as Anvers hesitated at the cabin door.

"I 'm so sorry, Captain. Mrs. Anvers and I feel all cut up about this. We —" he burst out at once; but the Captain interrupted in his usual rough way:

"I don't know what you 're talking about, Mr. Anvers"; then, as he caught sight of Margery's surprised eyes upraised to his, he added more pleasantly:

"I sent for you to say that, with Mrs. Anvers's and your permission, your daughter will do me the honor of sharing my early dinner with me. And, by the way, the next time the ward-room funds are so low that you can offer only bread and milk to young ladies who come off to my ship, I wish you 'd let me know."

"And tell mama he buttoned up my dress, and we 're going to get married, and the sundowner is n't here at all," cried Margery, all in a breath, to her father's unspeakable horror. He coughed, he stared, he stammered; then he turned and fled, followed by his commander's hearty laugh, which did not cease when Margery, her eyes still on the door, sighed heavily, and said very dubiously:

"Mama says that 's my papa."

Tom, the Captain's steward, was called upon to tell the story of that dinner very often through the rest of his long and honorable naval career. He always began the same way:

"It was de ol' 'lustration ob de lion an' de lamb; an' you-all know mighty well de sorter lion he was. Well, you ought'er seed de lamb! My lan'! I 'clare I nebber waited so porely in a cabin befo', an' dat 's de truff. My eyes an' my y'ars was 'pletely oc'pied observin' dem two — de little missy she a-sittin' on de torp ob de big dictionary, 'havin' jes like a laidy — better 'n some I seed; an' de ol' Cap'n he smilin' as sweet as surup, 'joyin' hisse'f right much, he was. You would n't er-knowed um fo' de same pusson. An' eb'ry time dat chil' she jes natu'ly 'mired any contraptions on de table or round dem rooms, he up an' he says to me, says he: 'Torm, jes you do dat up with dese yer other things fo' Miss Anvers,' — jes like dat. 'Miss Anvers'! My lan'! dar was nuts an' figs, an' photographs, an' dat yer Japanese wrapper o' his'n; an' all de flowers on de table — de greates' passel ob truck! An' Mister Cook he mus' cum up an' see fo' hisse'f! He ain' got no call ter cum up ter my pantry, great big plantation nigger like dat! He ain' use ter society, he ain' — shufflin', slap-sided ol' — Well, bimeby dey cum fo' de little missy an' carried her away. An' she done kiss um good-by, with bofe of her purty little yarms 'bout his ol' neck. An' when she done gone away, he sat an' he sat, an' he looked out'n de po't-hole, an' he clean forgot to smoke, an' he nebber moved, an' he nebber said nuthin' 't all."

Within two hours after the party of ladies had gone ashore the Captain of the Alliance received telegraphic orders from the Navy Department to proceed "with all speed" to Haiti.

So at daylight the next morning from under the fore-castle came the click-click of the capstan, the slow, rhythmic tramp of the sailors circling round it, keeping time to the old familiar tune on the bugle as they hove in the anchor-chain. And away the ship sailed, with

vers never had any trouble now in getting an audience to listen to his news about Margery.

The ward-room, as a body, looked serious when the letter came saying that she was far from well, and, a little later, that she was very ill. The whole ship, down to the greenest re-

cruit, missed "Daddy" Anvers's noisy fun and laugh as he went about his duties pale and in silence.

The Captain heard the bad news through his aide, and he fell into his old savage way with his officers and men. Sometimes, in the midst of one of his furies, it seemed to him that suddenly he saw a pair of very surprised brown eyes looking up at him from a baby's height, and heard a baby's voice asking about the sundowner; and then he would forget what he was scolding about, and walk off frowning.

One very hot, breathless night, about eleven o'clock, the officers, all in white-duck uniform, were lounging on deck, when the quartermaster of the watch approached and said:

"The officer of the deck reports a signal from the shore: 'Send boat for telegram for Ensign Anvers.'" The young father sprang to

his feet as if shot, and the heavy silence told of what they were all thinking. Anvers went straight to the officer of the deck, and with him to the first lieutenant, who was sitting apart with the old chief.

"Can a boat be sent ashore for a telegram for me, sir?" the ensign asked.



"'DE LITTLE MISSY SHE A-SITTIN' ON DE TORP OB DE BIG DICTIONARY, 'HAVIN' JES LIKE A LAIDY.'"

never a chance for even a good-by to the wives and babies on shore. When she arrived and was anchored in the harbor of Gonaïves, they found another revolution in progress, and the men were landed at once to protect the United States consulate.

The hot weeks dragged along. Ensign An-

"I'm sorry, Mr. Anvers, but we're too short of men, as you know, owing to the landing parties, to make up a cutter's crew; and the fires are hauled on the steam-launch. Why don't you have it opened, and the contents wigwagged? That signal shows it is in the hands of one of our men from the consulate."

So the order was given. Anvers got his private code-book. Mrs. Anvers also had a copy of this book. It contained a list of single words to be telegraphed; and each word meant a whole sentence—the sentence being written opposite the word in the code-book. All the officers followed him, and stood about as the signal-man adjusted one lantern on the rail and began swinging the other. Letter by letter the message was spelled out to the light upon the distant shore: "Open telegram, and repeat." Quickly the reply came: "I understand."

After a short delay the light on the shore began swaying again. The signal-boy on the Alliance read aloud the letters as they came, and Ensign Follin took them down for Anvers, who walked restlessly up and down in the dark a few paces away. The Captain stood near unobserved, and listened intently.

The message was:

"Telegram for Ensign Anvers, dated New York City, July 28. 'R-e-a-l—'" then followed a short pause—"l-y." Signed, 'Belle.'"

"Signal-boy, bring that lantern; quick, man!" some one ordered. Anvers turned over the pages of the little code-book, his face showing in the light as white as his blouse. Under the head of "Sickness," he read:

"*Really*—Margery has passed away."

The book dropped to the deck, and his head fell forward against the steering-wheel. Several of his friends gathered about him silently.

Follin felt some one touch his arm, and turning, found the Captain at his elbow.

"Bring that code-book down to my cabin at once, Mr. Follin," he said, and then turned away quickly.

A moment later he and his aide were consulting together at his desk.

The result of that talk in that cabin was that Follin got up very early the next morning, and when the telegram of the night before came off in the market-boat, he took it in to the Cap-

tain, who was waiting for him. When the boat returned to the shore the young aide was in it.

He went at once to the consulate, asked for a horse, and a good one, and after a short delay one was brought. Springing to the saddle, he took the road to the nearest telegraph station, forty miles away, at Mole St. Nicolas.

He started off at a breakneck sailor-pace along the fairly good, level road. But very soon he slowed down to a steady gait as he left mile after mile behind him. He flew past groves of banana-trees, cocoanuts, and palms; past the funny little mules laden with coffee and black babies, beside which trudged the barefooted mothers; past low, thatched huts, and ragged natives left standing staring after him.

At Gros Morne he rested, lunched, and got a fresh mount, and then began the weary climb over the rough mountain road from there on to his journey's end.

At Mole St. Nicolas he went straight to the telegraph office, and asked for the original telegram for the Alliance, and the operator who received it on the previous day.

Half an hour later, astride of another horse, back he started for Gonaïves.

It was late in the afternoon when he reached there, and, to his great disgust, he found that he had to be lifted out of the saddle.

But he soon stamped some of the stiffness out of his legs, and bolted for the quay, and just made the last regular boat from the Alliance, into which he tumbled. Taking the yoke-lines, he huskily gave the orders: "Shove off! Out oars! Give way together!"

The rowing sailors eyed him suspiciously as he sat huddled in the stern, white with fatigue, and covered and caked with dust and mud from head to foot.

As he went over the ship's side he found the Captain waiting for him at the gangway.

"What news?" he asked quickly.

For answer Follin handed him the telegram and Anvers's code-book, which he took from his pocket.

The Captain was a moment examining them; then, as he handed them back, he said quietly:

"You'll find him in the ward-room." He turned away, then stopped, and added very gently:

"Look after yourself, my boy; that was a

pretty stiff ride for even a Kentucky sailor, you know."

A half-moment later Follin burst into the ward-room, shouting:

"Anvers, old man — Anvers, I say! It's all right — Margery's all right; do you hear? The telegram we got last night was wrong. Instead of *Really* it should have been *Ready*, and that means, 'Margery has passed the crisis and will recover!'"

The ensign was on his feet, and stood staring blankly. The others sat in silence, too moved to speak, and each trying to keep the tears back in their proper place in military society.

"Your confounded old code is n't worth a cent!" Follin went on, looking like the veriest tramp as he stood there scolding to relieve his excitement. "The idea of having two words so much alike! Why, any sort of a plain Monday-morning wash-day idiot would know better. And there it was, clear as day, *d* instead of *ll*; and they told me at the telegraph office —"

"Telegraph office? The Mole?" they asked in amazement.

"Where else? Here it is, Anvers; see for yourself. I took your fool code-book with me."

"You're a — a — brick, Follin!" was all the big young father could find to say, in a broken voice, as he went to his friend and threw his arm over his dusty shoulders.

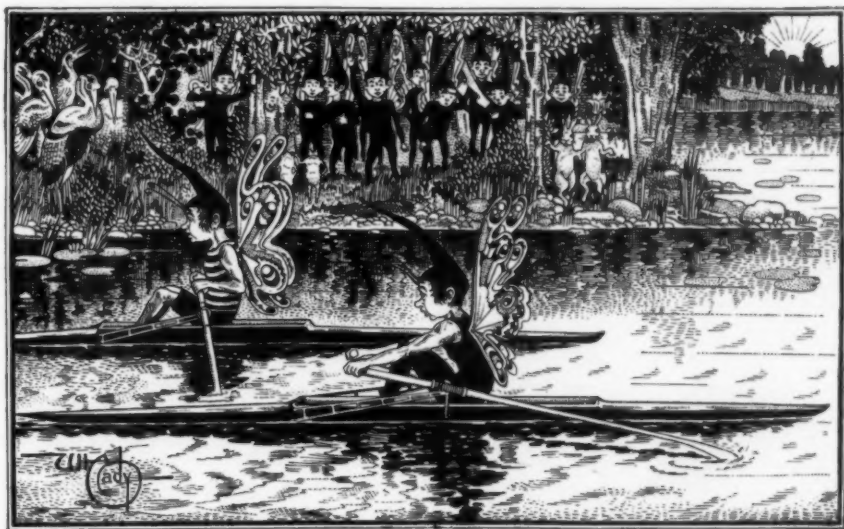
"I'm not the brick; go 'long with you! I always told you fellows you did n't quite know him. It was he who noticed the fumble last night over that word, and the blurr in the despatch that came off in the market-boat this morning; it was he who sent me, who paid expenses and all that; I only obeyed orders; I only —"

"He? who's he?"

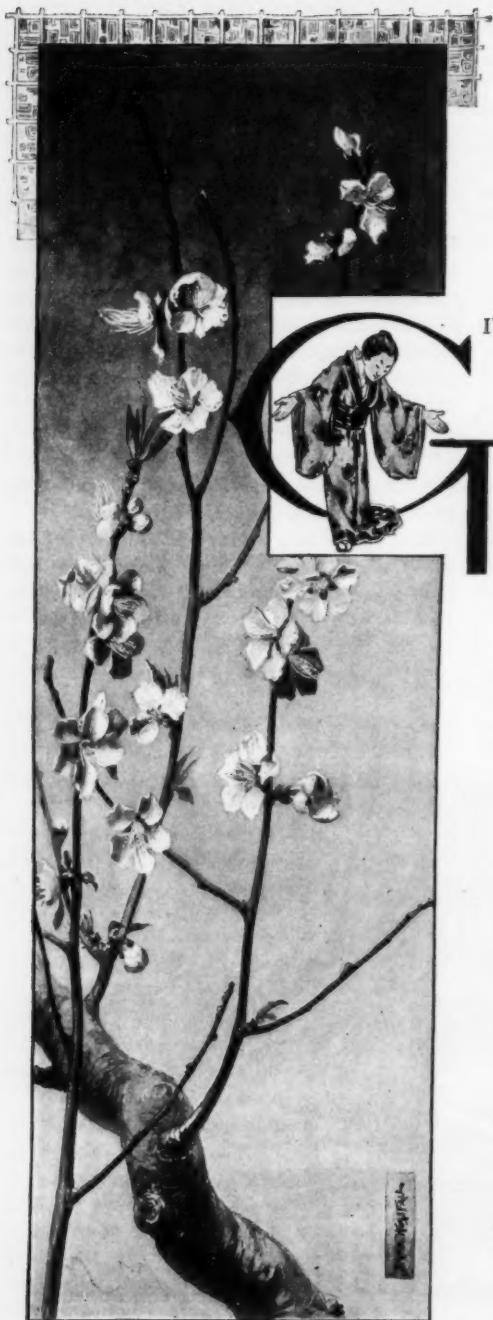
"Why, the Captain, of course."

"Wha-a-t, the old sundowner?" and they looked at one another and fairly gasped.

And up on deck a gray-haired man, with his hands clasped behind him, paced back and forth alone, smiling to himself very contentedly.



A ROWING RACE IN FAIRYLAND.



THE GROWING OF THE PEACH.

BY MARY BRADLEY.

IVE me a peach, Thorn-Rose!—
That clingstone, juicy and mellow,
Whose velvety crimson glows
Through a mist of sunshiny yellow.
It was meant to be king of fruits
By the gracious governing powers,
As surely as your name suits
The queenliest thing in flowers!

And the story goes—though perhaps
To this you will take objection—
'T was a little god of the Japs
Who gave us its sweet perfection.
This gay little god, *they say*,
In the far-away flowery reaches
Of Japanese skies at play,
Fell once from an orchard of peaches.

That day a poor woman found,
Ere any one else had spied it,
A wonderful fruit on the ground,
And quickly ran home to divide it.
Her husband must have his share,
So the beautiful thing was cut into;
Then lo! from the heart of it there
Out popped the little god Shin-To!

"A thousand thanks!" he exclaimed,
With a smile benign and sprightly;
For Japs can never be shamed
Through not doing things politely.
"You have done me a favor so great
That it's really an obligation;
So perhaps you will indicate
Some suitable compensation?"

Now see what a chance was here,
 With the god of good fortune in it!
 You can fancy, Thorn-Rose, my dear,
 The wonderful, breathless minute;
 And think with what greedy speech
 Some greedy folk would have spoken!
They asked for the seed of the peach
 Whose spell their hands had broken.

And the little god Shin-To smiled
 As their modest request he granted.
 In a moment that worshipful child
 The stone of the peach had planted.
 A moment more, and the earth
 Was beginning to heave around it,
 And green little sprouts came forth
 Till a tiny tree had crowned it.

Its branches so rapidly spread
 That the wind began to toss 'em;
 Then presently overhead
 Was a cloud of pinky blossom,
 Which soon was a pinky shower—
 But that was a trifling matter;
 For, given a peach for a flower,
 One does n't regret the latter!

Ere Shin-To fluttered away
 To the far-off flowery reaches
 Of Japanese skies, that day,
 The tree was loaded with peaches.
 This quickly to orchards grew
 In that land of milk and honey;
 And before the old people knew,
 They were fairly rolling in money!

Now, having a chance to preach,
 With which you will please not quarrel,
 Just give me another peach,
 And then I will point the moral.
 It is really short and sweet,
 And fits the occasion precisely:
We should n't have peaches to eat
 If *they* had n't behaved so nicely!



THE LAKERIM ATHLETIC CLUB.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

[This story was begun in the December number.]

XI.

THOUGH the hands that were dragging Punk through the water toward the stern of the boat were invisible, they seemed no less real and unmerciful, and they haled him toward where the screw propeller was viciously slashing the water as a lamb is compelled toward the shears. The seething and the swirling of the water turned up by the screw deafened and distracted Punk, but he gave at the critical moment a desperate lunge and leap that carried him away from this danger.

So eager was he to be out of those dangerous waters that he seized hold of the first skiff that passed him, and scrambled in for dear life, without stopping to knock, almost spilling into the water the oarsman and the pretty girl he had with him. The young couple, however, accepted his apologies, and told him to make himself at home. So there he sat, dripping and shivering, till he was restored to his friends, not much the worse for wear; and he lived to row many another race for the Lakerim Athletic Club.

Through June and July the baseball nine and the oarsmen were busy winning games and money and glory for the club. In August they thought it was time for a vacation, and a proposition for a club camp on one of the islets in the lake was heartily agreed to.

So the top of one fine morning found them rowing and sailing away from Lakerim to a little islet which is known to this day, to everybody that knows it at all, as the Island of the Dozen.

But B. J. rode in no rowboat, nor in any sail-boat; he alone of all the Twelve paddled his own canoe. He had made it himself, with infinite pains and almost infinite mistakes; but

when it was at length completed it proved to be worth the while.

So much in love was B. J. with his canoe and all the outfit he had collected that he thought he would camp on his lawn at home. One night about dark he took his canoe and lantern out in the yard, made a bed of two blankets in the canoe, put a canoe-tent over it, and lay down in the cockpit to sleep. But he failed. In the first place, the family watchdog came snapping and growling around, and refused to recognize B. J.'s voice, or to go away until B. J. had risen from his warm blankets and introduced himself to the dog. Then the dog insisted on getting into the canoe with him; and at last B. J. had to take the dog back to his kennel and chain him up.

Before long, the canoe felt no bigger than a shoe-box, and as hard as a sidewalk. His bones ached and his muscles were cramped. After lying awake most of the night, it seemed that he had hardly dropped off to sleep when the sun came prying under his eyelids and would not let him snooze. So, drowsy as he was, he had to leave his cozy bunk. And now he was up hours before the earliest riser in his family; and the morning wind was very chilly; and the grass was very wet; and oh, but he was hungry!

He could not understand why his family should be so lazy as to lie abed after five o'clock in the morning, and it seemed a week before he dared move about the house.

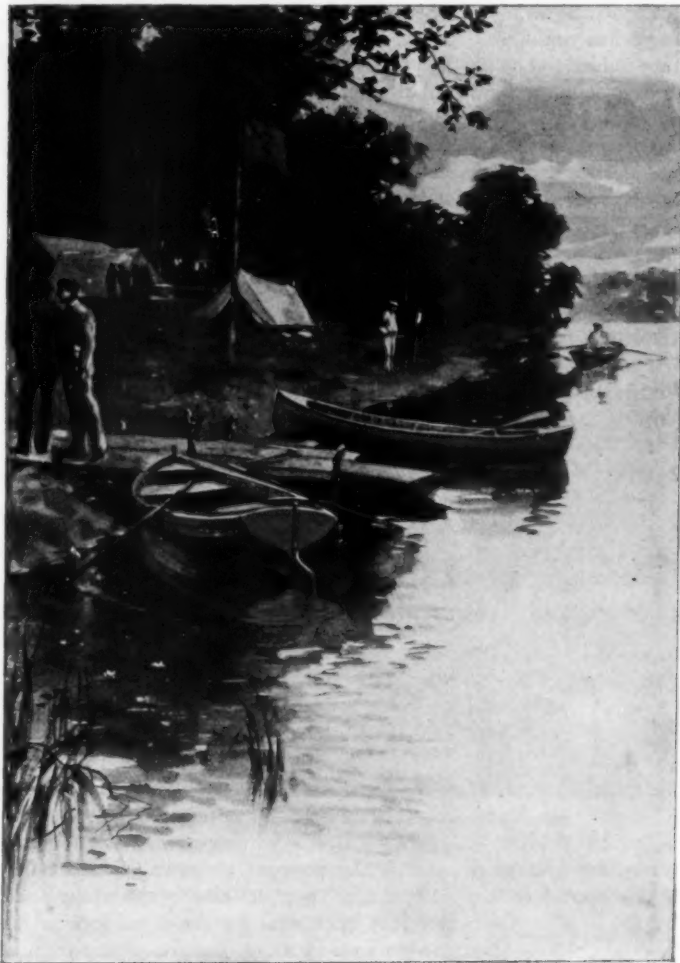
That night he left his canoe and his canoe-tent in the barn, and slept in the comfortable bed he had so despised the night before.

But by the time the Dozen were ready to go a-camping he was once more eager for outdoor life, and he paddled to the island with complete delight.

When the Twelve left Lakerim they paid a last visit to the club-house. The foundations had all been laid, and the carpenters were now

putting up the framework of what was to be the club's future home; and the Dozen's last memory of the long desired building was as of a skeleton standing in his bare bones.

camp, and nothing more can be said in praise of the digestions of the Twelve than that they survived without serious injury the fearful and wonderful dishes these two chums concocted.



THE CANOE CAMP OF "THE DOZEN."

Once the camp was chosen and the tents pitched, each of the Twelve went about the occupation that suited him best.

Sleepy found a soft moss bank overlooking the lake, where he could throw out his fish-line, and lie there, and let the hooks do all the rest.

Sawed-Off and Jumbo were the cooks of the

in his canoe, or out of it—capsizing it, and climbing into it, now paddling lazily, and now working up a great speed.

One afternoon, History, having finished "Ivanhoe," felt in an adventurous frame of mind, and decided that he would honor B. J.'s canoe by taking it out for a little spin.

Bobbles and Pretty usually went sailing; and one time when Bobbles was taking in the jib because the breeze was too strong for it, and they were going with lee rail awash, Pretty grew lazy and fastened the main-sheet to a cleat. Accordingly, the first little squall took them over, and Pretty found himself floundering in the water. His only regret, however, was that his ducking proved that the gay colors in his favorite neckscarf would run.

Reddy and Heady spent a good deal of their time rowing a two-oared boat; or, I should say, they spent most of their time quarreling as to the direction they wanted to row. The consequence was that when one pulled straight forward the other backed water, and a large part of their time was consumed in describing most beautiful circles.

As for B. J., he passed most of his time

"Better put on your bathing-suit," said B. J.

"Oh, no," said History; "I'm not afraid of such a little thing as that!"

"Canoes are like bicycles," said Sawed-Off, who was scrubbing the saucepan with sand and water. "You can do anything when you know how, but you can do nothing when you don't."

And Jumbo looked up and added:

"Canoes are like broncos before they are 'busted.' B. J.'s canoe will throw you six ways for Sunday, History."

"Ah-h, that's all nonsense!" History replied

and then Sawed-Off gave the boat a great shove, and it slipped far out over the water.

History gave just one wild dig with the paddle, and then his feet flew up to where his head should have been, and his head flew down to where his feet should not have been—in the water. The canoe turned completely over, and floated gaily away on the waves he kicked up with his tremendous splashing. He tried to yell for help, but swallowed so much water that it sounded as if he were merely gargling his throat. Then he sank from view entirely.



"B. J." WINS THE CANOE RACE.

scornfully. "It's simply a question of keeping your equilibrium. If you don't lose that you're all right."

As neither Jumbo nor Sawed-Off was quite sure what an equilibrium was, they did not tell him that it is an easy thing to lose. They decided that the canoe would convince History of its bad temper in short order, and made no further objections. B. J. stood by to see that History did not put his feet through the side.

Jumbo and Sawed-Off stood out on the little pier Tug and Punk had built, and held the canoe until History was seated comfortably;

Now the boys on shore realized that they should never have let him try the canoe at all, for they knew that he could not swim. But by the time his head came up again, and cast one pleading look ashore, and then sank, B. J. had whipped off his coat and dived from the pier. He swam under water, and as he rose came up just alongside History.

B. J. was the best of the Twelve at swimming, and was almost as much at home in the water as a mud-hen. Then, too, he had practised swimming with all his clothing on and heavy shoes on his feet. So now, with nothing

on his feet but light rubber-soled boating-shoes, and unhampered by his coat, he lost no time in avoiding History's arms, which flew around like a spider's legs.

He simply thrust the fingers of one hand into History's long hair, and with the other hand struck out for shore. The boys had often poked fun at History's Samsonian locks, and, when they had nothing else to do, they were always taking up a subscription to pay the price of a hair-cut for him; but after that day he was doubly convinced that the barber-chair was no place for him. He was too much scared to feel any pain from having his hair used for a handle, and did not know how uncomfortable he really felt until he found himself on shore, with the other boys rolling him over and over, and waving his arms up and down to get his lungs going again, according to the rules for rescuing the drowning. But when he once more realized who and where he was, it gave him most pain of all to lean against a tree and see B. J. swimming easily and swiftly out to his canoe, to see him right the canoe and empty it, to see him climb into it as if he were mounting a pony, and bring it ashore as safely as if it were a ferry-boat.

Then Tug remarked: "Down in the Louisiana swamps the foresters stand in their canoes and chop down cypress-trees."

And History gave him just one look—the sort of stare a fat man who has fallen off his bicycle as fast as he could get on it bestows on the athlete that rides on a single wheel.

Camping life on the Island of the Dozen brought few adventures besides what the Dozen brought upon themselves, or what their imagination afforded them. There were no Indians and no wild beasts for them to guard against at night when they gathered around the snapping camp-fire and tried to keep awake long enough to get sleepy; but every day meant twenty-four hours of bliss.

And one day a party of girls came over with their mothers from Lakerim, and brought along not only their own bright selves, but great packages of fresh fruit and dainties, which tasted marvelously fine to palates that were growing just a bit weary of the limited range of Sawed-Off's and Jumbo's cookery. It is

doubtful which the doughty campers were gladder to see: their mothers and "best girls," or the fried chicken and raspberry preserves. Each of the Dozen led his "best girl" and her mother, or his mother, whichever had come along, all over the island to show them the wonders of the camp.

B. J.'s chief friend was most interested in his canoe. She could swim nearly as well as he, and dived from heights that had daunted many of the Dozen; and now, when she stepped into his canoe and paddled gracefully about in it, History's eyes stood out till they almost pushed his glasses off.

Visitors, however, were not frequent at the camp. An occasional fisherman came, only to be told to move on, as they caught their own fish. But the Twelve had to depend chiefly on themselves for their entertainment, till one day a party of canoeists from Charleston appeared in the harbor, and the Twelve hastened to extend a hearty welcome.

After Sawed-Off and Jumbo had worked off on the visitors some of their most dangerous experiments at cooking, in true Samaritan spirit they brought out the dainties left in their larder since the visit of the Lakerim girls.

While they were all resting from the effects of their nuncheon, the Charlestonians were talking of the prowess of their best canoeist. After they had bragged for some time of the wonderful things he could do, Reddy and Heady lost their tempers at the same time, and blurted out hotly:

"I'll bet B. J. could do him up with one hand tied behind him!"

"Oh, come!" B. J. objected, modestly. "I'm a hayseed at canoeing."

But the mischief was done now, and nothing could undo it but a test of skill.

B. J., however, was too shy of his abilities to consent to a duel in canoeing, and in order to end the embarrassment one of the Charlestonians finally suggested that they have a tug of war. Since the Lakerims had no war-canoe, and the Charlestonians would not permit them to use one of the rowboats, it was at length agreed that four of the Lakerims should make use of one of the Charlestonian canoes, while four of the visitors would use another.

A long rope was tied completely around both canoes, just under the gunwales, that the strain might be evenly distributed. Then the four stoutest Charlestonians seated themselves in one canoe, and Tug, Punk, B. J., and Sawed-Off, the strongest oarsmen in the Lakerims, took their place in the other. Each of the eight men had a single paddle, and the boats were placed about twenty feet apart. When all were ready, and keyed to the highest pitch, History, who was chosen to be referee, gave the word: "Go!"

Almost before the word was out of his mouth the eight began to paddle most violently. They smote and splashed and grunted and shoved against the water in a fashion that seemed from shore to be idiotic, since the two canoes seemed to be immovably anchored. Still they rolled and swayed and turned and wobbled; but it was a full minute before the center knot in the rope could be seen to move in favor of either side. Then, gradually, centimeter by centimeter, it edged toward the Charleston territory. At the end of the three minutes that had been decided upon for the heat the Lakerim boat was disgracefully taken in tow.

So much for the first heat.

While the contestants were resting, one of the Charlestonians gave an exhibition of his skill in a sailing-canoe. His boat was a dream of beauty, with shining nickel fittings, and a glistening coat of varnish, and sails as white as Pretty's duck trousers. The crew of the boat was a fellow of exquisite skill, who seated himself on a sliding-seat far out over the water, and managed his center-board, his tiller, and his sail as if he were six-handed. He had a stick toggled to the rudder-yoke at one end, and at the other to the collar of the deck-tiller. Thus he pulled or pushed as he pleased, so that it served the purpose of two rudder-lines. And the sheets he managed, when necessary, with his toe, by means of a cam-cleat provided with a long lever. It was the neatest and completest outfit B. J. had ever seen, and he determined to have a sailing-canoe even better the next year.

After this exhibition was over the tug of war commenced again, the fours exchanging boats. It was soon proved, however, that

Charleston's success had depended, not upon the boat, but upon the superior weight and strength of its four; and the Lakerim quartette, already weakened by the discouragement of the first failure, was pulled all over the place without difficulty.

The Dozen smarted under this defeat, and crowded around B. J., demanding that for the honor of Lakerim he should race the crack paddler of Charleston. At length he consented.

Before the two had embarked, however, one of the Charleston men spoke up and said:

"Why not make it a hurry-scurry race? It will be twice as interesting to watch."

"What's a hurry-scurry race?" said Quiz.

"Well," answered the Charlestonian, "you run twenty-five yards, then swim twenty-five yards, then climb into your canoe and row twenty-five, then capsize, climb into it again, and paddle twenty-five yards more; and that's the race."

B. J. thought that it promised very little glory for him; but since it would doubtless offer great amusement to the crowd, he let his objections take a back seat, and agreed. Twenty-five yards on shore were paced off from the water's edge, and the starter was placed there. About twenty-five yards out in the water a canoeist, who was to be the judge of the finish, was stationed. Twenty-five yards farther out a second canoeist took his stand and dropped anchor.

The Charleston canoeist borrowed a bathing-suit; and B. J., who lived in his, waited impatiently, pawing the ground and champing the bit at the starting-point. He was not a very good runner, and he was anxious to have the first part of the race over. When the Charleston man was ready, little time was lost in getting the men away.

The Charleston man was long-legged, and ran like a deer, while B. J. ran every which way. When he had finally reached the water's edge he saw the Charlestonian already swimming; so he dashed blindly into the water, like a retriever after a wounded duck. But his left foot slipped on a smooth stone, and his right foot caught on a jagged rock that cut him sore. Yet he flung himself into the water as

soon as he was waist-deep, and struck out with great, long-handed strokes that lifted his shoulders clear into the daylight. His arms flashed like spruce oars, and he seemed to lay hold of the water and pull and push it back past him. His arms rose without a splash and entered cleanly. He fairly hurled himself along.

But though he went like a frightened water-fowl, with arms flying like wings, he was still swimming when his Charleston rival had clambered into his canoe — which the judge held ready — and was paddling vigorously away.

When B. J. was in his canoe and after him, there was a striking contrast in the methods of the two oarsmen. Each used a double-bladed paddle, but the Charleston canoeist knelt on his right knee and paddled in the orthodox fashion. He had a good, long, sweeping stroke, with a sidewise body roll on the right side of the boat; but his stroke on the other side was hampered and shortened by his left knee, and he could not turn far in that direction. His whole body was exposed like a sail to the wind, and as the wind was offshore it helped him along beautifully. It did not promise so well, however, for the return, when it would be a head wind. The boat was unsteady, too, and a large part of his thought and energy was devoted to keeping his balance. Still he paddled as his father had paddled before him, and he was a graceful sight to see.

B. J. did not appeal to the artistic sense so strongly, but he rowed a stroke that would appeal more directly to the modern scientific mind — a distinctly American stroke. He sat on the bottom of the canoe, on a cushion. His legs were under the crosspiece, which his body almost touched. Under the thwart his knees were raised, so that his thighs pressed upward. His feet rested on a light foot-brace on each side of the canoe. Since he sat so low, resistance to the wind was almost ruled out of the question. No motion and no power were lost by unsteadiness of the canoe.

B. J. could have extended his stroke backward on either side almost as far as the other canoeist could on only the right side; but he believed that the paddle, when carried too far back, lifted water and wasted the paddler's energy. His stroke was an arm-and-shoulder

stroke, nearly straight forward and backward, and the boat was steady as a church. He gave a great reach forward. The better part of his force was spent at the beginning of the stroke, and the stroke was not carried back. He feathered his paddle beautifully, and it was spoon-bladed.

The Charlestonians openly geyed the Lakerim canoeist when they saw him plump himself down low in the canoe; but the way he covered water sobered them not a little, and at the end of the 25-yard paddle, in spite of the advantage of the wind, B. J. had almost overtaken the Charleston oarsman. He had capsized his canoe and landed in the water before the Charleston man was fairly started on the home stretch.

B. J., in his excitement over the speed of the stroke he had adopted against the advice of many skilled canoeists, made a fluke of righting his canoe and getting himself into it. It looked as if the Charleston man would have an easy victory, so wide was the distance between him and B. J. when B. J. was again at work.

Once B. J. was well under way, however, he simply tore over the water, or, as it seemed, he floated over it in a light balloon that danced across the ripples. He stretched forward until he was the shape of a letter U lying on its side, and pulled with one hand and pushed with the other like a madman. He gained on the Charleston oarsman as if his rival had fallen asleep.

If his rival had indeed fallen asleep, he did not look it, or he was having a sad nightmare of a dream. For he had turned to throw one contemptuous glance over his shoulder at the Lakerim oarsman, and he had seen what looked to him, not like a canoe but a shark, or something that devoured space in a most inhuman way. Then he fell to paddling so violently that his body shook like a freighter in a gale. But though he wobbled as badly as B. J. did when he ran, there was no eluding the straightforward, businesslike canoe that came flashing along after him. He had hardly time to realize that B. J. had caught up with him when B. J. was alongside; and it had just got into his head that a Lakerim bathing-suit was at his elbow when he realized that it was no

longer there—it had gone on before. B. J. shot across the finishing-line like one of the defenders of the "America's Cup," and Charleston came plodding in afterward like one of the challengers from over sea.

Once they were ashore again, the Charleston man was full of apologies to his friends, and of explanations to the Lakerimmers that he had not let himself out because he had not expected to find so good a canoeist with so curious a manner of rowing.

The Lakerim men merely patted B. J. on the back a little harder, and smiled delightedly.

This angered the Charleston expert, and he declared in a loud voice that in a straightaway race he would soon show them whether or not he knew what he was talking about—Jumbo having suggested in an aside to Sawed-Off that the stranger was talking through his hat. Evidently the hat he was said to talk through was not a thinking-cap.

B. J. said he would not mind, just for the fun of the thing, trying a straightaway race with the visitor. A half-mile course was agreed on, since both of the men were rather tired. It was simply the story of the hurry-scurry race in a revised edition.

The Charleston man again had the advantage of the wind in the beginning of the course. He threw all his energy now into the task of teaching the Lakerim man to know his superiors when he saw them; but B. J. overcame his rival even when he had the aid of the wind, which made a sail-boat out of him, and he left the Charleston man hopelessly in the rear in the finish.

He was sorry the breeze was against his rival, because, being a thorough sportsman, he did not enjoy an easy victory. He even slowed up and let the other man catch up.

He was too well-mannered to do this in a

mocking way, as if conscious of his superiority; but he pretended to be winded, or to let his paddle slip and to regain it as it tried to drift away. But the ease with which he got past the Charlestonian again as soon as the fellow came up convinced him finally that his rival was "out-classed," as he modestly worded it. Then, just for the glory of Lakerim and the delight of the Dozen, he put on full steam, and sped along the home stretch with a speed that would rival the flight of an albatross.

The Lakerimmers howled with pride as their hero beached his boat; and even the Charlestonians were compelled to grip him by the hand and tell him that he ought to come to Charleston Academy—the highest compliment they knew how to pay.

But B. J. said with pride; "The Lakerim High School's good enough for me."

Not many days after the Charlestonians disappeared into the distance, the Twelve gathered around the camp-fire like a war council of Indians, and built air-castles in the future.

"Speaking of air-castles," said B. J., "what is the matter with the real thing—the clubhouse that is going up at home?"

And then they all felt homesick to see how their future castle was prospering, and perhaps deep down in their hearts they were a little homesick for their mothers and their other best girls.

Then they decided that they had camped long enough. So the next day they folded their tents like the Arabs, and noisily moved away.

So that evening found the wanderers safe at home.

So they saw the club-house, and saw that the carpenters were now busy putting flesh on the dry bones they had last seen when they went out a-camping.

(To be continued.)



The Highwayman of Durley

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

THE Durley Coach came rattling down the steep and slippery road,
With geese and chickens swung atop, and hampers full—a load.

"Toot-toot! Toot-toot!" the coacher's
horn echoed without, within, sirs,

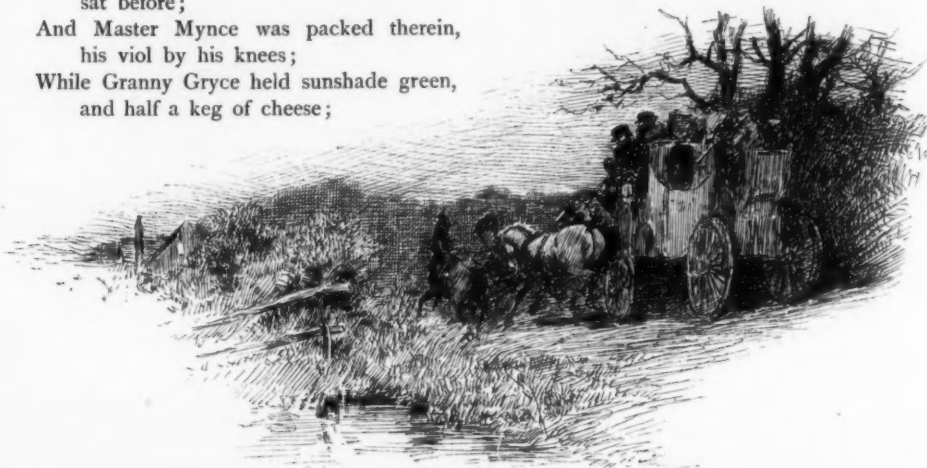
And said: "*Light up, light up the
fires in good old Durley Inn,
sirs!*"



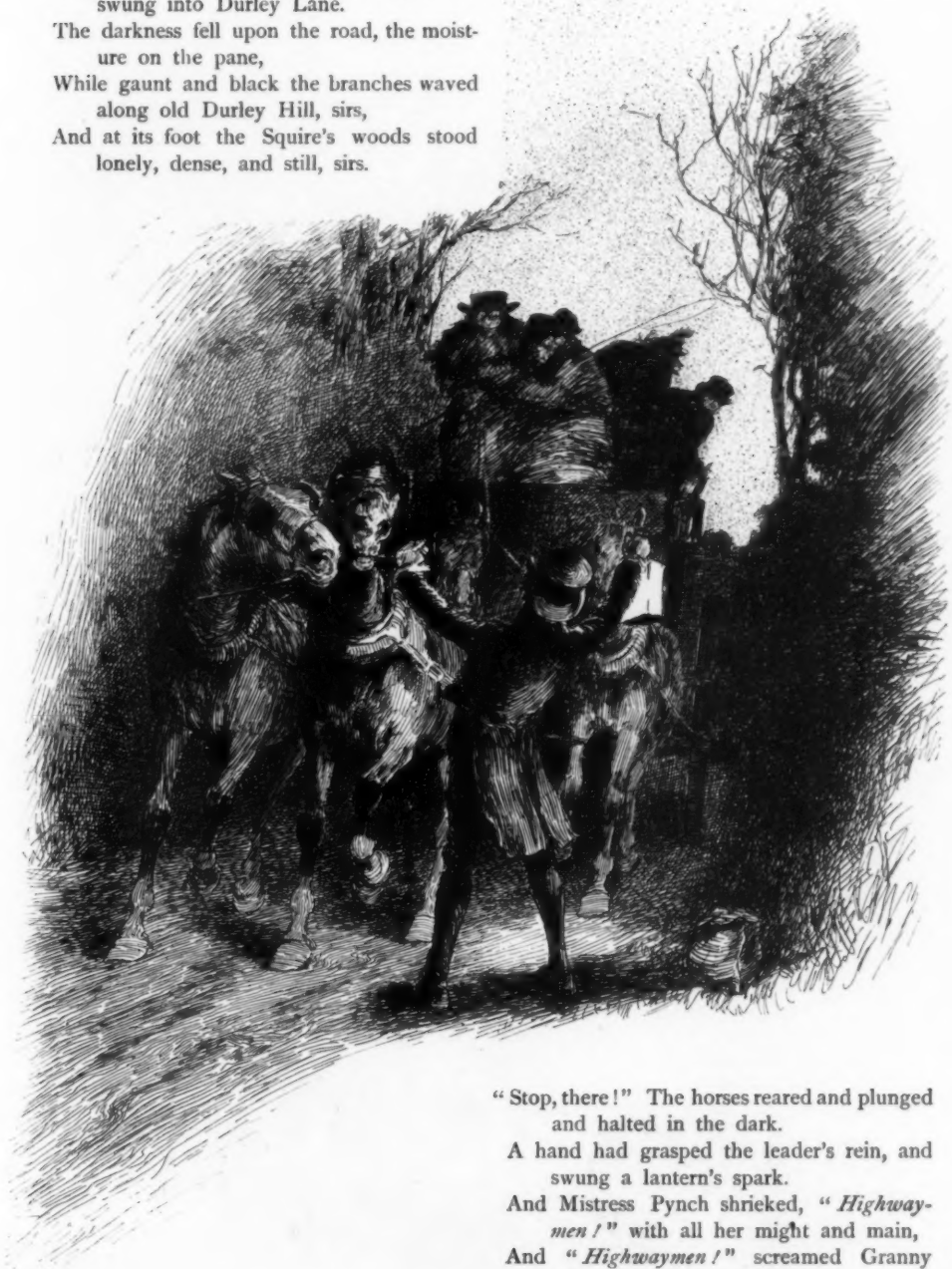


And Mistress Pynch
with sampler, and with
jar of honey clear,
Sat by the Innkeeper and
wife and all their children dear;
With pickles, pie, and bird-cage, Mistress
Merrivein was there,—
For all were bringing home their goods
from distant Durley Fair.

The Durley Coach held passengers well-
nigh a half a score:
The Dominic, he sat behind; the Beadle
sat before;
And Master Mynce was packed therein,
his viol by his knees;
While Granny Gryce held sunshade green,
and half a keg of cheese;



"*Toot-toot! Toot-toot!*" The Durley Coach
 swung into Durley Lane.
The darkness fell upon the road, the moist-
 ure on the pane,
While gaunt and black the branches waved
 along old Durley Hill, sirs,
And at its foot the Squire's woods stood
 lonely, dense, and still, sirs.



"Stop, there!" The horses reared and plunged
 and halted in the dark.
A hand had grasped the leader's rein, and
 swung a lantern's spark.
And Mistress Pynch shrieked, "*Highway-*
 men!" with all her might and main,
And "*Highwaymen!*" screamed Granny
 Gryce and Mistress Merrivein.

"*Thieves! Robbers!*"

bawled the Beadle.

"Fling everything outside!"

"Take all we have, but spare our lives!" the Innkeeper he cried.

"Here is my viol," wailed Master Mynce;

"'t is worth a pound to you, sirs!"

"My snuff-box," cried the Dominie, "and best umbrella, too, sirs!"

"Alack!" sobbed Mistress Merrivein, "kind sirs, oh, let me go!"

My husband dear will pay you well, good gentlemen, I know!

A finer man you'll never meet, nor see his like again;

No one was ever yet afraid of Master Merrivein!"





The voices shrieked; the traps flew out,
a queer and motley horde,
The Highwayman he shouted, "*Stop!*" The
Coachman, too, he roared;
Came sampler, viol, sunshade, and bird-
cage, pickles, cheese,
Umbrella, honey, snuff-box, for that High-
wayman to seize.

The Highwayman his lantern swung, and
chattels strove to miss.
"Alackaday, good friends," he cried, "a
pretty welcome this!
'T is dark, and I 've a sack of grain I
fetched from Durley Mill;
I stopped the coach to get a ride—all
with a right good will;
But if there be no room within,—and that,
methinks, is plain,—
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I 'll climb atop." So spake the voice of
Master Merrivein!

Then Innkeeper and Dominie and Beadle,
one and all,
Climbed out to seek their scattered goods,
and not a sound let fall.
But Mistress Merrivein outside the window
stretched her head,
And to her husband dear straightway these
were the words she said:

"In all of Durley, round about, there is not
such a man
For making fuss and trouble! Explain it,
if you can.
Instead of all this bother and worry and
to-do, sir,
Why could you not have said at first that
you were only *you, sir?* "

FIRE!

By ALBERT LEE.

With a banging and clanging of bells,
And a chorus of firemen's yells,
With a sounding and bounding and pounding of hoofs,
And a bawling and calling from windows and roofs,—
With a jumping and thumping of wheels,
And a binding and grinding of steels,
With a steaming and screaming of whistles and shouts,
With a swishing and swashing and spraying of spouts,
With a snorting, cavorting,
The horses exhorting,
All smoking and choking, the engine tears down
Through the dull, quiet streets — there 's a fire in the town!

BIG GUNS AND ARMOR OF OUR NAVY.



THE POWDER-CHARGE FOR BIG GUNS. (SEE PAGE 519.)

By
E. B. Rogers.
U. S. N.

WHEN we see in the papers such announcements as "Trial of the Great Gun," or "Armor Test at Indian Head," it all sounds very deep and scientific; but it is really only part of a long duel that has been going on for years between guns and their ancient and honorable enemy — armor. In this tussle of strength some-

times the gun has been the "top dog," and sometimes the armor. When one visits on board the battle-ships and cruisers of our navy, there seems to be nothing quite so interesting as the great guns which are made at the government foundry at Washington.

Not so very long ago all guns were cast by pouring molten iron into a mold and then letting it cool slowly; but it was found that guns made in that way were not strong enough to stand the tremendous strain of the large charges of powder required to send a shot

fast enough to enable it to pierce the steel armor of a modern ship of war; so the old method of casting was abandoned as the armor became stronger, and now nearly all modern cannon are what is called "built up."

First a long steel tube of the finest and strongest metal is made, and around this are placed, or "shrunk on," successive cylinders or rings, one over the other, with the greatest care and nicety, first the "jacket" and then the "hoops." So nowadays a great gun, instead of being one piece, as it used to be, is composed of many parts. The process above described is called "assembling" a gun, and in the place of the short cast-iron cannon of former days, shaped something like a big bottle, we have the long, graceful steel rifles, which look not unlike gigantic watch-keys. They vary in size from the small rapid-fire guns a few hundred pounds in weight, to the great thirteen-inch "Peacemaker," as it was fondly called, which tipped the scales at sixty tons — 120,000 pounds.

All these modern guns are breech-loaders, and after the shot and powder have been placed in the powder-chamber, the breech is closed by a steel "breech-plug," which is shoved into the gun and by a short turn is screwed tight into the breech.

The shot or shell has also undergone a change. The round cannon-ball most of us are familiar with has given way to the "projectile," which is made of steel, hardened according to the work it has to do; and in those which are intended to pierce armored ships the metal must be so hard that the projectile can be fired through steel armor of a thickness equal to one eighth more than its diameter, without its being broken or materially injured; for instance, an eight-inch projectile, according to this rule, must be capable of piercing a nine-inch steel plate.

But the changes in guns and shells are no more remarkable than those in powder. Black powder, with its glistening grains, is unfitted for our modern guns, because it explodes too quickly, and when the charge is fired it turns almost instantaneously into gas, exerting immediately all its force, which, of course, decreases when the shot moves toward the muzzle, because the gas has more room (that is, the inside of the gun) to expand in.

But nowadays what is called "slow-burning" powder is used. When it is ignited the projectile at first moves slowly; but as the powder continues burning, the quantity of gas, and consequently the pressure, is constantly increasing; thus the speed of the shot becomes greater and greater as it goes out of the gun. Sometimes grains of powder still burning are thrown out when the gun is fired, which shows how slowly it ignites.

This new powder is brown, and is made up into hexagonal, or six-sided, pieces, with holes through their centers. A mass of it looks exactly like a lot of rusty iron nuts. Each of these grains, or "prisms," is about the size of a large walnut,



A VIEW OF THE GOVERNMENT PROVING GROUND, INDIAN HEAD.

and when the charge is made up the prisms are nicely piled, and over the pile is drawn a white serge bag, as is seen in the illustration on page 818. The white bag on the left is a "powder-section," and contains one hundred and ten pounds of brown powder; and five of these make

up the full or "service" charge for the great thirteen-inch rifle, whose projectile is two thirds as tall as an ordinary man, and is larger and weighs more than many of the very cannon themselves with which Admiral Nelson fought the battle of Trafalgar in 1805.

All the guns that make up the armament of a United States man-of-war must be tested before they are placed on board, from the small rapid-fire gun which stands on the upper deck, to the monster thirteen-inch that is mounted in the steel-armored turrets of a battle-ship, so that Uncle Sam may know that they are safe, and will not burst and so endanger the lives of his officers and sailors, as well as fail in the supreme moment of battle, when they are called upon to defend the Stars and Stripes. This test is called the "proof," and all guns, great and small, and samples of powder and of projectiles, also specimens of the armor-plate which is to cover the sides of our battle-ships

which are now mounted in the turrets of the battle-ships "Indiana," "Massachusetts," and "Oregon." This gun was called the "Peacemaker." The great 1100-pound projectile was hoisted to the breech of the gun, and shoved into place by a curious hydraulic rammer that lengthened itself like a spy-glass. Then came four men, each carrying a white bag containing one hundred and twenty pounds of brown powder. The bags were placed, one back of the other, in the powder-chamber of the gun. The breech-plug was now swung into position, pushed into the open breech, and given a quarter turn to the right, which locked it safely in its place. Through the center of this plug is a small hole, in the outer opening of which was fixed the electric primer, which, when ignited, sends a jet of flame through the hole and into the center of the powder.

The wires being connected, all was ready. Lieutenant Mason brought their ends together.

A spout of flame and smoke shot from the cannon's mouth, a tremendous roar which was heard for miles reverberated out over the Potomac, and the huge bolt of steel, urged by the enormous pressure, sped across the valley and buried itself in the hillside opposite.

On its way it passed through several frames on which wires were strung, breaking them in its flight. These wires were electrically connected with a little house on the hill above, and there registered on the delicate chronograph the speed at



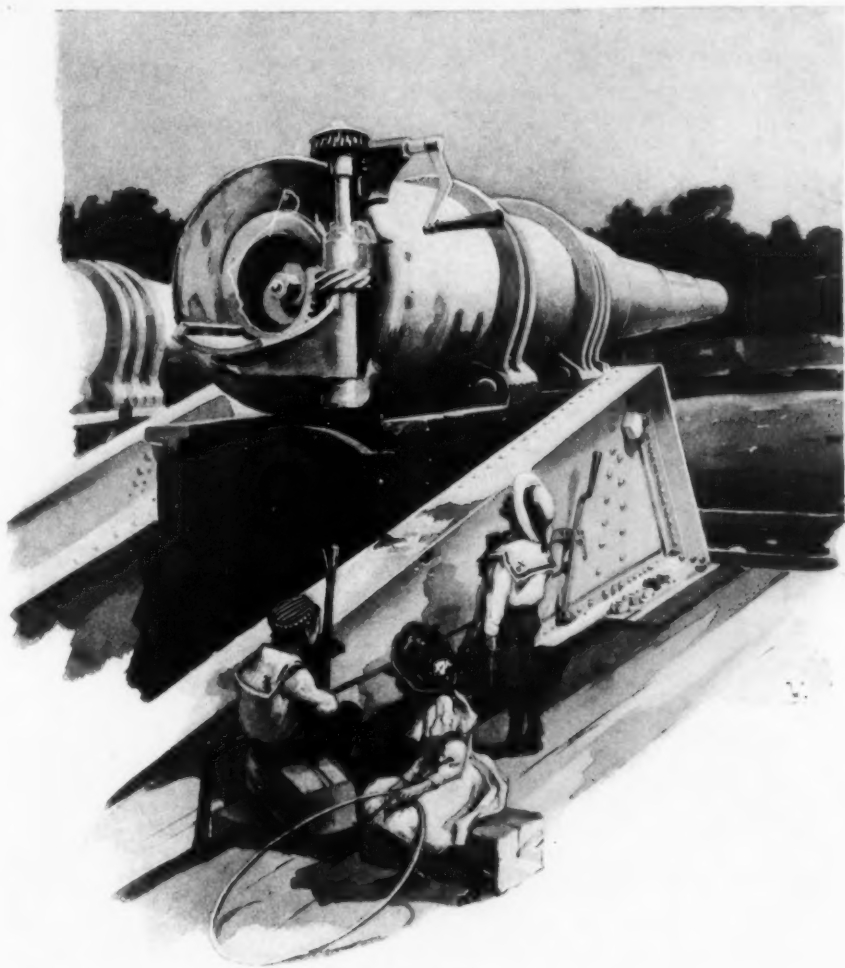
THE PROJECTILES FOR 13-INCH RIFLES ARE TWO THIRDS AS TALL AS A MAN.

and armored cruisers, are sent to the Naval Proving Ground at Indian Head, on the beautiful Potomac River, to be tested and proved.

In 1894 the first thirteen-inch rifle was fired at Indian Head. This gun was the largest ever built in the United States, and is one of twelve

which the projectile traveled, and soon the tinkling bells told the story: one, nine, seven, five — 1975 feet in one second.

Think of that, and what it means — a mile in a little less than three seconds, over twenty miles a minute, a speed that carries the projec-



A 12-INCH RIFLE.

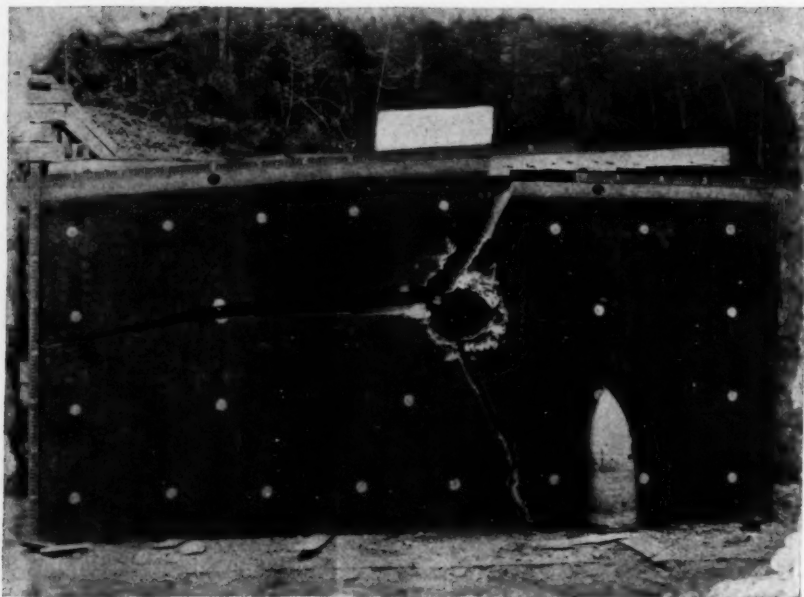
tile thirteen miles, or sends it through twenty-four inches of ordinary steel!

Our armor is the best in the world. It is made so by the genius of an American named Harvey, who invented a process for hardening its surface, so that the plates of "Harveyized" steel, eighteen inches thick, which are now on the sides of our great battle-ships, are believed to be impenetrable by any guns in existence.

When armor is tested, a plate is bolted to a massive structure of oak, and several shots are

fired at it from a distance of about two hundred yards. When the gun is fired everybody must "take cover" in the bomb-proofs; for when the projectile strikes the hard face of the plate it sometimes breaks into a thousand pieces, and these, with small pieces of the plate, produce a rain of steel which is very dangerous.

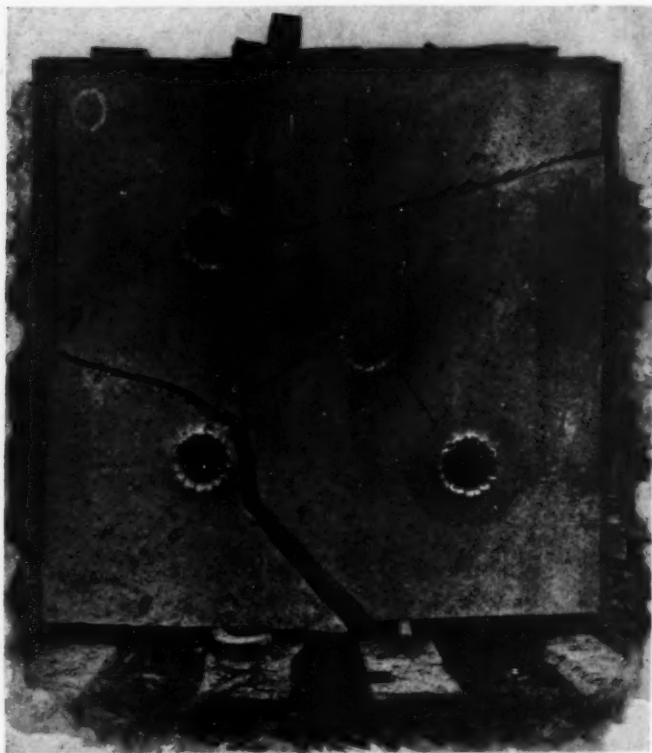
All these things go on and are done that our country may be able to bear herself against her enemies in a manner fitting her strength and her place among the nations of the world.



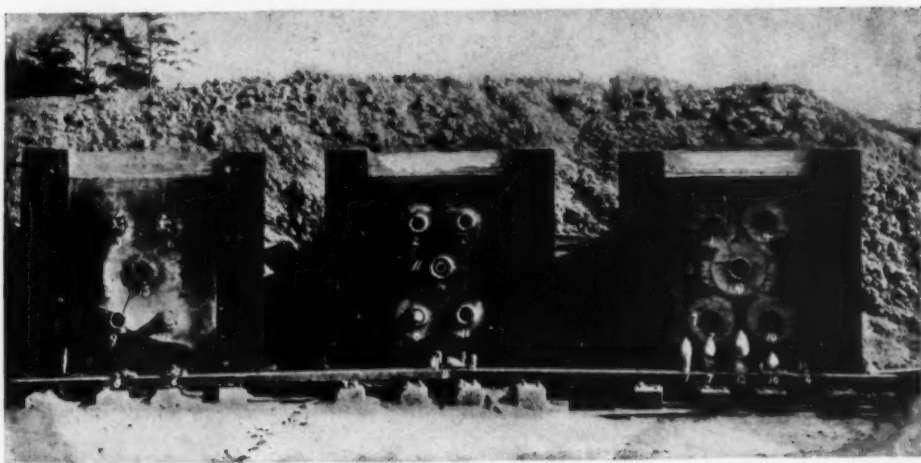
18-INCH HARVEIZED PLATE TESTED BY 12-INCH RIFLE, MAY 19, 1894. AFTER FIRST SHOT.
THIS IS THE HEAVIEST ARMOR-PLATE EVER MADE, UP TO THAT TIME.



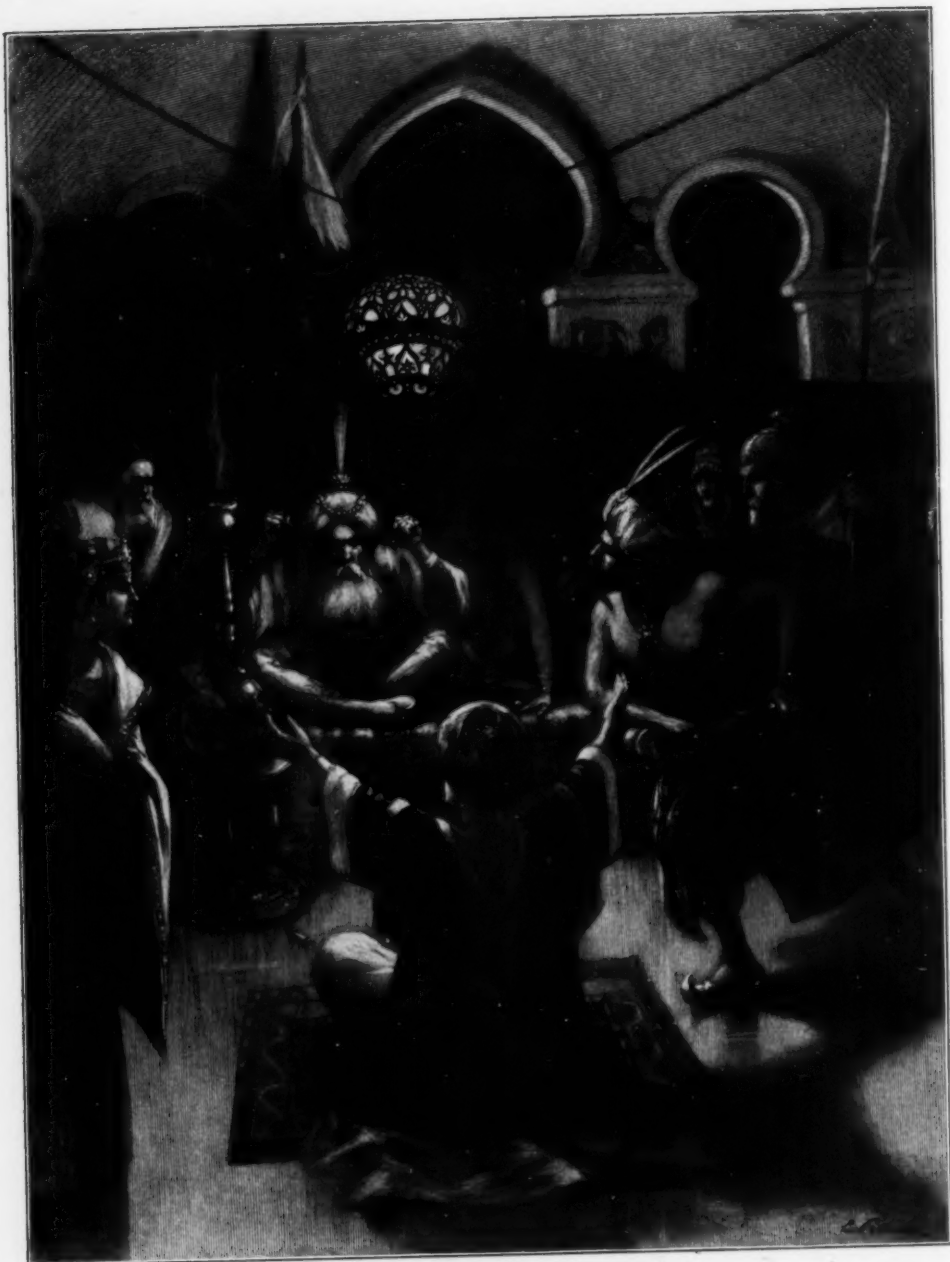
18-INCH HARVEIZED PLATE TESTED BY 12-INCH RIFLE, MAY 19, 1894. AFTER SECOND SHOT. PLATE REJECTED.



AN ARMOR-PLATE AFTER A TRIAL AT INDIAN HEAD.




ARMOR-PLATES AFTER ALL SHOTS FIRED, IN TEST OF NOVEMBER, 1891, AT INDIAN HEAD.



THE END OF "THE ENDLESS STORY." (SEE PAGE 829)

THE ENDLESS STORY

 HERE was once an Oriental King whose chief delight and recreation from the cares and burdens of his royal condition was to listen to stories. Reading was by no means a universal accomplishment in the kingdom of Kaziwar, and its sovereign cared nothing for parchment records or pictorial representations of the ancient history of his own people or those of any other country. It was the delight of his leisure hours to stretch himself on a divan in the beautiful courtyard of his palace, and, amid the plashing of its fountains and the odor of its flowers, to have the cleverest and most imaginative and traveled of his subjects tell him tales of every kind, while his courtiers, grouped about him, shared his pleasure, and were punished with nothing less than death if they yawned three times in succession, or were guilty of the least interruption. The King's passionate fondness for this form of diversion, and the great rewards that he heaped upon the men who had the good fortune to keep him amused, naturally resulted in his court becoming the rendezvous of all the

most brilliant talkers of that kind in that part of the world.

Even the smallest piece of paper in the way of a memorandum was strictly forbidden them, though, and they took rank according to the versatility of their minds, and the fluency with which they were able to disguise the fact that they were borrowing all they knew from some more ancient source, or were abundantly able to invent situations and plots as diverting and characters that interested intensely their imperial and imperious lord, who, bored by chronicles, had a thousand pairs of ears and as many pairs of eyes as a fly for all the tragedies and comedies and adventures that could be recounted with the human voice and presence to give them color and life. Natives and strangers vied with one another for years in repeating or inventing all the tales that they could imagine or recall for the benefit of their swarthy lord, who, stretched on his divans, fixed on them his piercing eye, and bade them do their best.

It was very nervous work for the poor souls, though; for the King's executioner, armed with the

longest and sharpest of simitars, stood ever by their sides; and if the King heard them repeat themselves or one another, if they turned pale under the strain, or forgot what they had to say, as like as not he would frown fiercely, and clap his hands—when off would go a head! Whereas, if he were really entertained, he would listen greedily to every detail, and, the story done, command pipes and wine and fruits to be brought for the refreshment of the speaker, clothe him in robes of scarlet, present him with a fortune in the shape of a single ring, and add to it twenty purses of gold or a dozen vineyards, according to the measure of his satisfaction.

For years and years this state of affairs continued; and by that time the King had heard all the stories of the world. From China and India and Persia and Africa, from Syria and Macedonia and Armenia and Egypt, had come scores and scores of talented men, eager to win the King's commendations and gold and goods. And still the King remained unsatisfied and as greedy for new tales as on the day that he first ascended the throne. But the task of interesting him had, of course, become increasingly difficult, and the danger to their lives greater and greater, until only the most intrepid or the most conceited persons now ventured to face the royal presence. The King's family and friends had been obliged to invent ear-flaps that shut out every sound, in order to keep their senses; and the most envied people at the court were the King's grandmother and uncle, who were both stone-deaf; for there was always danger of the ear-flaps being discovered, and their wearers fearfully punished, while to go without them had become torture.

A lady very popular at court pretended to be deaf for a season, so weary did she grow of the succession of tales that were poured out in her presence; but when the King found this out he mildly rebuked her want of intelligent interest in the literature of his court by having her put into a sack and cast into the nearest river, which had the effect of making all the other court ladies so sensitively alive to every good point in a story that they all declared that they could sit up all night, or

refrain from food all day, as well as from sleep all night, merely to have the *privilege* of being present.

The hearing of everybody in the palace, indeed, was so improved that even the King's grandmother, who was a stone so far as all noises were concerned, and had been excused from attendance in consequence, now regularly made her appearance—"that she might watch the action of the speaker's lips, at least, and improve her mind as far as possible," she said.

So many of the nobles had received the bas-tinado by this time, for putting in an oar, or looking stupid, or paying no attention, or for saying, "Oh, I have heard all that before!" or exclaiming, "Stop, for pity's sake!" or, "By the beard of the prophet, you shall be slain, if it costs me my life!" that no court in the East was half so poorly furnished with pashas and emirs and ministers and generals as Kaziwar. And in the whole kingdom, if anybody said to a friend, "That reminds me of a story," or, "I once heard a story about—" he was instantly thrown into a dungeon by the nearest official of the guards without ever being allowed to get any further. Still, stories the King would have, grumble who might, until he fell into his anecdote. Then he became daily more captious, both as to the quantity, the quality, and the treatment of the tales told him.

At last a day came when in all the land no one could be found who dared offer to recount the kind of story that the King commanded. For he said he had found out at last what was the matter with all tales, and why he was so dreadfully bored, and it was that *they all came to an end*. So he vowed a terrible vow. He would cut off all the heads in his kingdom of Kaziwar unless it could produce a man who could furnish him an endless tale; and he issued an edict to that effect, which was at once conveyed all over the country by couriers, and shook the kingdom to its center. Everybody gave themselves over for dead as soon as it was made public. It was true that the King added that he would cheerfully give the half of his kingdom, two hundred and sixteen provinces in all, a hundred thousand purses, and the hand of his daughter, the Princess Badroulboudra,

to the man who could succeed. But, as everybody said, the thing was impossible, and his offer was only a way of saying so, showing, as it did, that the King did not believe in the existence of such a person at all, and could afford to make fine promises, seeing that he would never be called upon to fulfil them.

The whole kingdom put on mourning and gave vent to such grief as not even the tax-gatherers had ever witnessed, nor the plague evoked. The greatest men of the nation, clad in rags, with ropes around their waists and ashes on their heads, prostrated themselves before their angry ruler, imploring mercy and a recalling of the edict, in vain. The mallas all met, and sought means to get rid of or dethrone their sovereign lord; but the King clapped them all into dungeons before they could mature their pious plans, and absolutely refused to cancel the offensive state paper, undo what had been done, or recall what had been sent!

The royal need of amusement, he said, would naturally come *first* with all right-minded subjects, and if there were any persons in the kingdom who were so lost to all patriotic feeling as to suppose that a few thousand heads, more or less, mattered at all in comparison with the ennui and earnest wish of their sovereign, "the sooner they were killed off comfortably, the better," as they never could be trusted to see things in their proper light. Some protests from the women of his household—notably the Princess Badroulboudoura—were quite as vigorously scorned and resisted; and then nothing more could be done, for the King's will was supreme.

When the third moon of the year was shining brightly and making glorious all the courtyard of the palace, so that every blossom and leaf was as clear as if it were daylight, on the fifth day of the month Armizan, all the citizens of the capital city Meheran gathered their families, tremblingly bolted their doors, and awaited the royal executioners. In the palace a great crowd of relatives and courtiers and servants squatted around the great fountain in abject fear, wondering whose turn would come first. For this was the day appointed for the appearance of the man who could tell the King an endless tale, and there was no sign of any

such person being at hand. The executioner, indeed, had sharpened his sword before them all, and was unsheathing it, with his worst enemy as convenient as could be—not ten feet away; the Queen was swallowing the last fig from a basket brought that morning from Babylon, and pretending to be quite at her ease; the King was looking hard at the Pasha of the Thousand Tails, who, being an honest man, had that morning told him that he was a disgrace to humanity; when—the trumpets sounded, and, preceded by servants bowing low in sincere reverence, there appeared a stately stranger, who in a few words stated with great dignity that he had come to accept the King's challenge and win the King's reward!

So great was his personal beauty, so benevolent his expression, that every eye was instantly fixed upon him in unfeigned admiration, and the Princess Badroulboudoura's gentle heart bled when she thought of what she felt sure would be his fate. Up rose the prostrate courtiers as one man, and did reverence to the Sage of Uzmahara, while the executioner reluctantly sheathed his sword. The King, who had not smiled for six months, welcomed his guest right pleasantly, and then, giving the signal for universal attention, sank down on his divan, a happy monarch.

"Illustrious Ruler, Mirror of Justice, Lover of all Men, Defender of the Poor, Brother of the Sun and Moon, Grandfather of the Fixed Stars, and Joy of our Eyelids, hearken diligently; for I am come hither to do thy behest as a snail, a cobweb, a mote, in the presence of the Most Magnificent Lord of Peacocks and Elephants; hearken, I pray thee, while I relate a story without an end, which you, and your children, and your children's children can continue forever and forever and the day after. Bismillah!" began the Sage, who was a man of much learning and culture.

The King got up on his elbow upon hearing this, and the court instantly accorded him the most breathless attention, as was certainly only natural under the circumstances.

"Know, O King," proceeded the Sage, "that there was once a monarch occupying the throne of the Pharaohs one hundred centuries before the world laughed and rejoiced, the rose re-

"Most willingly, sire; it is easily told," said the wise man, "and does not burn the throat of the speaker in so doing, nor make thirsty as a desert plant the ear of the listener. And another locust followed, and brought away another grain of wheat. And another locust followed, and brought away another grain of wheat. And another locust followed, and brought away another grain of wheat. And another locust followed, and brought away another grain of wheat. And another locust followed, and brought away another grain of wheat. And another locust followed, and brought away another grain of wheat —"

He went on with his locusts until the molla called the faithful to prayers, and the King and the courtiers were nearly dead of fatigue, and at last fell sound asleep, only to hear of another locust when they awoke. The Sage again salaamed, and asked leave to defer continuing his story until another evening was come. And every day for a month he kept on tranquilly telling of his locusts with perfect repose and dignity, while the Princess Badroulboudra privately made ready her wedding clothes, to the great scorn of the King, and the great relief of the courtiers. At last the King waxed exceedingly wrathful, and commanded — yes, implored — the Sage to stop, if only for one moment, that he might not lose his senses. He

clasped his head with his hands, and looked so miserable that the Sage instantly complied, while all the courtiers trembled for their heads.

"Fellow! Dog! Cataract of the Nile! Cease! Stop! Shut thy lips! Be silent for a year, at least, that thou perish not!" he cried. "Art trying to *kill* me? Had I not given my royal word, thou hadst been slain after the first hour! When will this end? What comes next after thy everlasting locusts and locusts and locusts? When wilt thou have done with this foolish, mad prating?"

The Sage salaamed low and long. "Joy of the Earth, Illustrious Monarch, Protector of the Humble, Delight of the Learned, I will tell thee truly. I know not. The locusts have brought away only a quarter of a bushel of wheat, and the vaults contain millions. After my head lies low, others will take up the tale; for it is not for one man, or for two generations, but for all time, it may be," he said.

And the King, thankful to be rid of him at any price, fulfilled all his promises, and never asked for another story to the day of his death. On the contrary, he issued an edict making it a capital offense for anybody in his dominions to tell one. But the people of Kaziwar have preserved this one out of gratitude for their deliverance and love for their deliverer.

Frances Courtenay Baylor.



"THAT," QUOTH THE BUG, "IS A MAGIC RING;
WHATEVER YOU WISH FOR, A FAIRY WILL BRING!"

DENISE AND NED TOODLES.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

[This story was begun in the March number.]

CHAPTER XVII.

POKEY TRIES TO STUDY BOTANY.

THE road wound up the mountain, in and out, up and down, sometimes through deep woods, and then down into little valleys, where a brook trickled beneath thick ferns which nearly hid it from view; and in many such spots it was decidedly boggy.

The summit of the mountain was gained and the descent begun when just such a spot was reached.

Pokey was walking, and, as usual, was considerably behind all the others, when she was seized with a desire to gather a beautiful wild flower which grew a little way in the woods.

Never stopping to consider the wisdom of the step, or ask a question, she stepped straight off the road, and found herself up to her knees in a bog which the ferns had wholly concealed.

Her screams caused the occupants of the surrey—which by this time had gone on well ahead—to turn round and behold Pokey floundering about, and getting deeper and deeper every instant. In about half a minute John had her on firm ground, but a spectacle to behold.

Frightened as they were, the children could not help shouting at the forlorn object before them, for certainly poor Pokey was about as muddy as a little girl could be.

"Ugh!" she exclaimed. "I feel just like a frog, and I do believe I should have gone right down to China if John had n't fished me out!"

Soaking and muddy, she was rolled in Sunshine's blanket and put into the surrey, to be driven home as quickly as possible, while John remained behind to look after the rest of the party, and to finish his homeward journey on foot.

By the time they reached home Pokey had been *scraped* and made neat again, and was ready to welcome them with her usual good nature.

Soon the baskets and various traps were disposed of, Ned led off to the stable, the "good nights" said, and the extra members of the party departed, singing at the top of their lungs:

"Miss Pokey wanted a posy, oh!
Heigh-ho, Miss Pokey!
And after it she had to go,
And *souse* into the bog—oh! oh!
Up to her knees she went, you know,
And John he pulled her out just so.
Heigh-ho, Miss Pokey!"

to the tune of "A Frog He Would A-wooing Go."

"Pokey," asked Denise, a few hours later, when the family was seated around the cheerful log fire, "what do you think you will dream of to-night?"

"*Nothing*, I hope!" was the quick reply, "for if I did, I'm afraid it would be about getting stuck in bogs."

"I trust that your dream might not be as real as one my brother once had," said Mama.

"Do tell about it," begged Pokey, who dearly loved a fireside tale.

"It was a great many years ago, when I was a young girl. Charley and I used to go every summer to spend a few weeks with Grandfather, who lived on a large farm in the central part of New York State.

"It was an immense place, and he had any number of horses, cows, and all sorts of farm stock.

"One afternoon Charley and I had been rambling through the fields, when we came to a large pasture, where a beautiful Holstein bull was feeding. We looked at him over the bars, but kept at a respectful distance, as we did not know what manner of beastie he might be. Charley was much struck with him, and but for me would have gone straight into the field.

"When we got home we asked Grandfather about him, and he told us that he was a very valuable animal, but not an amiable one, and

for that very reason he kept him in that distant pasture and behind a stout paling, and it was lucky for Charley that he had stopped outside.

"No more was thought of it; but that night, at about two o'clock, I was wakened by something falling upon the floor in front of my door.

"I jumped out of bed, and looked out in the hall, but failed to discover any one or anything.

"It was a beautiful moonlight night, but the hall was dark. I slipped back to my room, and lighted my candle, for I felt sure something must be wrong."

"What was it—thieves?" asked Pokey, breathlessly.

"No," said Mama, laughing; "only a *shoe*. There it lay in the hall. But in an instant it flashed upon me that it was Charley's.

"Then I knew what the matter was. He was walking in his sleep, as he sometimes did at home. Rushing back to my room, I scrambled on my shoes and stockings and some clothes, and then flew to Grandfather's door, crying: 'Grandfather! Grandfather! Wake up, quick! Charley is walking in his sleep.' In about two minutes, which seemed two hours to me, Grandfather came out of his room, dressed in trousers, dressing-gown, and slippers, and off we started—down-stairs to the lower floor, where we found the kitchen door wide open, which told us he had gone that way; and out on the grass lay his sock, where he had dropped it.

"In one second it came upon me that Charley had gone off to see his Holstein bull, for we had come home by the fields and across this very lawn; and my heart nearly stood still.

"I told my fears to Grandfather, who said: 'Bless us and save us! I hope not. That beast is not a pleasant creature in the daytime—let alone at night!'

"The moonlight shone brightly, and it was almost as light as day as we approached the pasture.

"On the ground at our feet lay a white object, which proved to be Charley's handkerchief, and left us no doubt as to his errand. The next instant we beheld a sight which simply held us spellbound. The whole pasture lay plainly before us, bathed in the clear moonlight; and flying across it, with the great bull

in hot pursuit, was Charley, barefooted, in his night-gown and *hat*.

"Never before in his waking moments had he gone at such a rate of speed, and how he ever managed to fly over the ground as he did that night we never could guess.

"But the bull gained upon him at every step, and but for a very miracle he must have been killed. At the critical moment his hat flew off, and almost into the animal's face, which he seemed to resent as an open insult; so turning his wrath upon that, he stopped to stamp it into shreds. That was just enough to save Charley, for he reached the paling, flung himself over it and into a ditch at the farther side. The ditch was filled with water, but Charley could not stop to choose his ground for alighting. So long as he was on the farther side of the fence from the bull, he was entirely satisfied with his position.

"When we got to him he was the most frightened boy you ever heard of, and although sixteen years old, and a stout, big fellow, he was as weak and shaky as a little kitten."

"Oh," said Pokey, when the tale ended, "I believe I should have gone dead right off! Did he ever walk in his sleep again?"

"Yes, many times, but never afterward got into such a fix. And now, off to bed, but *no* dreams!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE "CHAPEL."

As though Dame Nature had a tender spot in her heart for the city child who so rarely had an opportunity of enjoying the lovely things she had ready to show her, Sunday was, if possible, an even more delightful day than Saturday.

It was one of those still, dreamy days that come to us about the middle of October, when Nature seems resting from her work of the past months, when she has been so busy making and bringing her works to perfection; a yellow, mellow day, steeped in a rich golden haze which hung over mountains, river, and valley, and made the Tarrytown hills beautifully soft in outline.

The Tappan Zee lay like a mirror, which

plainly reflected the various craft idly floating upon it. Scarcely a breath of air stirred, and indeed a perfect Sabbath stillness rested upon all things.

"I don't see how any one *could* do or think a bad thing to-day," said Denise, as she and Pokey walked home from Sunday-school at eleven o'clock.

"It seems to me," she continued, "that on such a perfect day as this everybody ought to feel thankful to be alive, and I believe God sends such days to make us try all the harder to be good"—for she was quick to feel the beautiful, and to benefit by it.

"I wish I lived in the country," said little Pokey, wistfully. "Sometimes I get so hungry for a piece of it that I don't know how to live without it. I just feel as if I could run away, and never see the city again!"

"I wish you did live here," answered Denise, heartily. "Would n't we have gay times? Never mind; you must come just as often as ever you can, and have half of all my nice times and good things. You know, it's a great deal nicer if some one goes halves."

"I should think I did go halves now. Why, I come so often, and get so many pretty things every time, that Mama says I'd better live here altogether. I wonder why it is you are all so nice to me," said Pokey, innocently, wholly unconscious of her many winsome qualities and of the affectionate nature that endeared her to all.

"Why, we are nice to you because we all love you; and Mama says that if we would always remember to 'do unto others as we would be done by,' we would never be unhappy, and could make everybody happy too."

"I wish you would ask Mr. Papa to go up to the 'Chapel' this afternoon. I do so love to go there. It is so quiet and sort of peaceful that it makes me feel good all over, and as though I never could feel cross any more."

"Of course I will. It is so warm that it will be just lovely there this afternoon, and I guess Mama and Miss Meredith will go too. We will take a nice book, and ask Miss Meredith to read aloud. She is so kind that she never minds reading a bit, and her voice is so soft and sweet that it's just like little bells."

The "Chapel" was a charming spot about a third of the way up the mountain, just where the open fields ended and the dense woods began. From it an uninterrupted view of miles lay before one, for the brushwood had been cut away, and the great forest-trees formed a lovely framework for the picture.

Just within the wood, rustic seats and tables had been made, hammocks swung, and cozy nests constructed of moss and branches, so that almost anybody could be comfortably bestowed.

Prettily carved around the top of the big rustic table, which formed the very central point of the Chapel, was the quotation: "The woods were God's first temples." A delightfully cool, restful spot in which to spend a quiet Sunday afternoon, after the hurry and cares of the week, and an excellent place in which to lay wise plans for the coming one.

Nearly every Sunday afternoon, when the weather permitted, the family betook themselves thither to read, write letters, talk, dream, or drowse, as the fancy prompted. No wonder that Pokey, whose brain was so wearied with weeks of helter-skelter study that she did n't know whether nine times nine were eighty-one or eight hundred, longed for this peaceful spot.

So, directly dinner was ended, all armed themselves with climbing-sticks and started for the Chapel, Tan, Ned, Sailor, and Beauty following or leading, as the notion took them; for they always went with the rest, and needed no leaders, being only too ready to go with their beloved little mistress to the very ends of the earth, should her fancy lead her that way.

Pokey stood in respectful awe of the pets, and kept close beside Miss Meredith, who laughingly said it was the book she carried which made Pokey so devoted to her.

It did not take long to reach the Chapel, and once there, Sailor and Beauty stretched themselves on the dry, warm earth for a snooze; but Ned and Tan thought it better fun to poke about in the woods, one to eat leaves and bark, and the other to nibble daintily at the straggling wood-grasses.

After much plumping and arranging of pillows,—with which each had come so well provided that a neighbor who saw them start asked

if they were playing at "Pilgrim's Progress," like Miss Alcott's heroines,—all settled down for a luxurious rest.

"Now, Miss Meredith, please turn Ichabod Crane loose, and let him roam about hill and dale; for this is an ideal spot for him, and Pokey looks as though she were positively suffering in her impatience to meet him," said Mama, when

could be seen so plainly from their lovely outlook.

Pokey sat breathless, lost to everything but Ichabod and his pursuer, till the tale was ended, and then said in a serious way which convulsed her hearers:

"Did they ever catch the *real* Hessian? I don't mean the *pumpkin* one, you know."



AN AFTERNOON IN THE "CHAPEL."

all were comfortably settled, she in one big chair and Miss Meredith in another, with plenty of cushions to make them luxurious. Papa was reading in one hammock, Pokey and Denise swinging in another.

So Miss Meredith began: "In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson"—and soon had carried her good friends straight across the glassy river and into the Sleepy Hollow which

"They had n't done so at last reports," answered Papa, "and I should n't wonder if he was still on the rampage."

"Let's have a swing," said Denise, presently, after Pokey had digested and pondered over Papa's reply; for she had sat still as long as was possible for her, and longed for some motion to act as safety-valve.

"You sit still, and I'll get the hammock swinging real high, and then sit in it as it swings

back, just as I 've seen Papa step into a row-boat after he pushes it off."

This being successfully accomplished, they enjoyed a swing of about five minutes, when "the old cat" began to "die," and the operation had to be repeated.

Denise had served her turn four or five times, when Pokey thought it only right that *she* should supply the motive power, and said to Denise:

"Now, you sit still this time, and I 'll give you a *good* one."

"Take care you don't make it *too* good, and spill us both out."

"Why, don't you suppose I can do it just as well as you can, when I 've seen you do it *four* times?" demanded Pokey.

"Well, be careful, Pokey," was the warning given.

Up she hopped, and soon had the hammock swinging at a wild rate; but, alas! Pokey's idea of philosophy, natural science, the center of gravity, or whatever it is that keeps hammocks right side up, was not so good as Denise's. Instead of getting into the hammock as it swung *backward*, she stood stock still, back to it, as it swung *forward*, and then, jumping up, tried to sit in it as it swung *under* her. Unfortunately, not having eyes in the back of her head, she could not gage the distance correctly, and instead of sitting *into* it, she sat completely *over* it, thereby instantly turning it bottom side up, and landing herself and Denise in such a promiscuous heap that it was difficult to tell their heads from their feet when Papa rushed to the rescue.

"Oh, Denise, Denise! are you dead?" came in imploring accents from one part of the heap.

Denise was not dead, by any means, only decidedly mussed and shaken up by the sudden summersault.

Tan had been so startled by the spectacle that he jumped about a foot straight up into the air, and then stood with ears and tail erect, and blaated like a distracted thing; Ned stampered to a safe distance, and then stood regarding such frivolous conduct in a way which clearly indicated his disgust; while Sailor and Beauty barked as though set upon by thieves, and it rested with them to rouse the town.

Peace was restored, however, and then it was

decided that the homeward walk must be begun, for the afternoon was beginning to tell that an October evening was nearly upon them.

Monday morning carried Pokey back to town, consoled only by the thought that she was already invited for the Christmas holidays.

CHAPTER XIX.

ANXIOUS HOURS.

A FEW days after Pokey's departure, Denise, coming into her mother's room after an afternoon's ramble with Ned, found her lying upon her couch and complaining of headache.

"Poor Moddie! let me sit here and smooth the ache away," said she, taking her mother's head in her lap. "See; I 'll smooth all the little knotty kinks out, and then the ache will go away."

But even the gentle touch failed to dispel the ache, which seemed to grow worse as evening approached; and although Denise had sat "pooring" for more than an hour, Mama's eyes grew duller and duller, and the poor head throbbed the harder. At last she fell into a restless sleep, and, placing her comfortably upon the pillows, Denise went in search of Grandma, filled with an indefinable anxiety, as of something distressing about to come upon her.

Going into her grandmother's room, she said: "Grandma, won't you come and look at Mama? I am afraid she is quite ill, for I 've been with her more than an hour, and she does n't seem a bit like herself."

Instantly Grandma rose, and she and Denise went quickly back to Mama's room.

By this time a decided change had taken place, and Grandma noticed with serious alarm that, although apparently asleep, the sleep was far from being a restful one, and Mama had a high fever. Not wishing to frighten Denise, she said: "I wish, dearie, you would step down and ask John to saddle Flash and go for Dr. Swift. Such a severe headache as Mama's ought to be relieved at once."

Noiselessly Denise flew down the stairs, and in a few moments John had started; for the good man was always ready to speed at the need of the mistress to whom he, as well as the other servants, was sincerely attached.

Meanwhile Denise went to her room to put on her softest slippers, and then returned to Mama, whom Grandma and Mary were already preparing for her bed. Denise flitted about, arranging the pillows, filling the hot-water bags, and helping like any little nurse; for she had a wise little head on her frisky body, and her love for her mother seemed to suggest the things which would make the invalid most comfortable. John was not long in fetching Dr. Swift, who looked very serious as he put question after question to Grandma.

Denise stood by with an anxious little face, seeming to beg an encouraging word; but none came, and Dr. Swift took his departure, after ordering perfect quiet and careful attention to his directions.

As he was about to get into his carriage, Denise caught his hand, and said: "Dr. Swift, *please* tell me if Mama is going to be very sick?"

"That is more than I can say, little girl; but you must trust to Dr. Swift to bring her through safely, if the good Lord will let him," said the kind doctor, with a pat on Denise's upturned face.

When Papa returned at six o'clock he took matters in hand at once, and a telegram was soon speeding on its way to Aunt Helen, asking her to come immediately, and bring with her a trained nurse.

At midnight Denise was wakened by Auntie's kiss, and putting up her arms, she hugged her close, and begged her take good care of Mama.

But Auntie needed no urging, and at once the care of the household fell to her share, while Grandma and the nurse were thus freed from other duties, so as to devote themselves to the invalid.

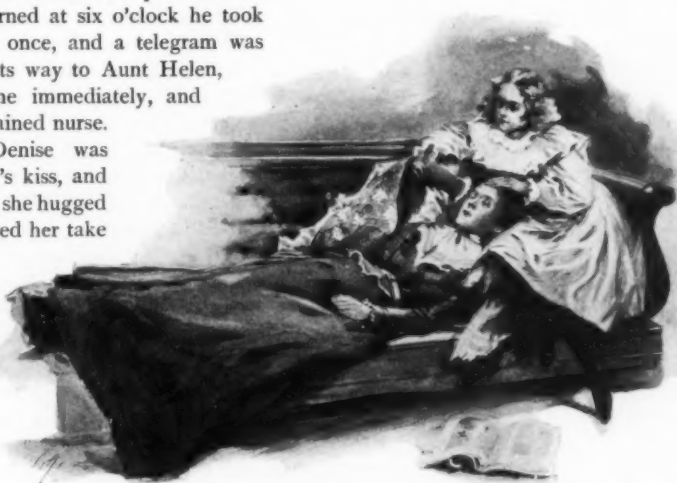
The next morning all realized how ill Mrs. Lombard was, and for many days the doctor came and went without being able to give much

encouragement, or conquer the obstinate fever, which was doing its best to change Mama into a mere shadow.

To Denise the days seemed the longest she had ever known; for the little girl tried to be brave and to keep her fears to herself, lest she give an added care to those who already had so many.

It seemed to her as though she lived in a sort of nightmare, and could not get awake. The house was so still, the parlors and library so deserted, and even the door-bell was silenced, for a maid anticipated every ring, and gave word of the invalid's condition and the thanks of the family to the many who came with kind inquiries or offers of assistance.

Gentle Miss Meredith had not the heart to force the lessons, for she saw very plainly that Denise's mind was too much tossed about to study, and so she determined to let the tasks wait, and tried to help the unhappy little girl by reading with her such books as might help her forget, and yet would put new ideas in the little head, which later would profit thereby.



"EVEN DENISE'S GENTLE TOUCH FAILED TO DISPEL HER MOTHER'S HEADACHE."

Strange as it may seem, Ned was Denise's best consoler during these dark days. She had no heart to ride or drive him, but would go off and sit on the ground under the trees, with Ned cuddling beside her like a huge dog, and with

his head held close in her lap she would talk to him as though he were a human creature and could understand all she said.

Many a bitter tear fell upon his shaggy mane as Denise held him close and sobbed out her grief.

Sitting thus on one of the soft October afternoons when all was so still, she said: "Little Toodledums, do you know how sick Mama is? God did n't give you a voice to speak with; but I know you *think* and *love*, and maybe you know more than I do, after all."

A soft neigh answered her, and accepting it as a reply, she continued: "Toodledums, Mama may go away from us, and never come back any more, and what ever, *ever* should we do without her? Do animals have any way of asking God to help them? Can't you tell me, when you know I love you so dearly?"

The soft brown eyes looked at her with almost human intelligence, and it was small wonder that the little girl, who loved her pet so dearly, was comforted.

Just then the doctor's carriage came to the door, and she flew to hear the report he had to give on his return from the sick-room. He stayed longer than usual, and when he came out said to Mr. Lombard: "Yes, you may telegraph for Dr. Burton, for I believe a consultation to be best."

Neither noticed the little girl behind the screen; but directly the doctor had gone she came out, and, taking her father's hand, said, "Papa, is Mama worse?" and hid her face in his coat.

Her father gathered her in his arms, saying: "We fear so, little one, and to-night must decide all for us."

She made no sound, but her quivering body told her anguish.

The house knew no rest that night, for at ten o'clock the great doctor came from town, and he and Dr. Swift talked long and earnestly.

The hours crept slowly on, and the house was so still that Denise could plainly hear the great hall clock ticking, and now and again a low moan that nearly broke her heart. Curled up on the couch in Mama's sitting-room, she fell into a restless sleep, and dreamed that she and

her mother were sailing down a swift river whose waters were inky black, into which she feared her mother would fall. She clasped her arms tightly around her, and cried out: "No, no; you must not fall!" and with the cry awakened to find Aunt Helen standing beside her and saying: "Come, Denise, and speak to Mama."

CHAPTER XX.

AN HOUR OF ANGUISH.

WITHOUT a word she took Aunt Helen's hand, and, as if still in a dream, passed into her mother's room. Going to the bedside, she knelt beside it, and taking the poor, thin hand in her own, laid her cheek upon it.

No sound came from the sufferer, and it seemed as though she had already passed beyond the care of those who stood or sat so silently beside her. The gentle, white-capped nurse sat waving a fan softly back and forth, while the doctors and Mr. Lombard stood watching every breath.

In the absolute silence every sound seemed intensified.

Then a strange thing happened. High and clear on the soft night air came little Ned's loud neigh, just as he "called" Denise whenever he saw her in the distance. Whether he was wide awake and called her, or had whinnied in his dreams, no one ever knew, but the call was unmistakable, and Denise almost started to her feet. As she did so her mother slowly opened her eyes, and seeing Denise, whispered: "Yes, darling; Ned is calling to us to come for a drive; we shall soon be ready." And with a smile she turned her head and fell into her first refreshing sleep.

Papa left the room, for it was impossible for him to control his feelings; but Denise never stirred, and not until three o'clock had struck could they induce her to leave the bedside.

No one attempted to send her to bed; and, going down-stairs, she said to John, who had sat in the hall throughout all the long, anxious night: "John, did you hear Ned call to me?"

"Faith, I did, thin, Miss Denise; and good

luck it means when a horse whinnies afther midnight, and the dear missis will be gettin' better soon," said he.

"John, I want you to take me to Ned; I want to see him." And the kind-hearted John never hesitated an instant, but led her out to the Bird's Nest, and unlocking the door, lighted the gas.

A big brown eye was peeping at them through the slot in the door, and a soft whinnying was saying good morning as Ned wondered why he was receiving so early a visit.

Denise did not say a word, but putting her arms about his neck, hugged him close when John led him into the play-house.

Piling her rugs and cushions on the floor, she sat down, and made Ned lie down beside her.

Being but half awake, he was quite ready to snuggle down, and with his head in her lap was soon fast asleep.

John went back to the house to tell them where Denise was; and when Mr. Lombard came out twenty minutes later to take her in to bed, he found her fast asleep in her cushions, with her little pet held tightly in her arms.

"Did iver ye see the loike of that, soor?" asked John.

"No, John, I never did; and through all her sad trial Ned has been her greatest comfort, and I would not disturb them now for their weight in gold. She is utterly worn out."

The next sunshine brought good news for all; for the fever had broken, and the dear invalid was certainly going to get better.

But many days had to pass before the lost strength was regained, and meantime everybody was anxious to do something for the beloved mother. Denise's lessons had been resumed, and all went as usual in the mornings; but the afternoons were devoted to the "precious Moddie"—more than ever precious since she had so nearly slipped from them.

So many letters to be read and kind messages to be delivered!

Scarcely a day had passed without some word from poor Pokey, who nearly grieved herself to death. Next to her own people, Pokey probably loved "Mrs. Mama" better than any one else in the world, and no one realized

how keenly she suffered in her affectionate anxiety.

Her joy on receiving the good news had been unbounded, and Pokey could now study in earnest; for it had been impossible for her to give her attention to school or anything else.

The second week in November Mama began to get about once more, and great was the rejoicing when she again took her place at the head of the table. Denise would have invited all the lads and lasses she knew to help celebrate the great event, but Mama said they had better defer inviting the little guests until Thanksgiving, which would soon be upon them.

"Papa," asked Denise, a few weeks later, when November had fairly set in, and had been selfish enough to destroy all the lovely tints displayed by "Brown, October & Co.," "are we to live in the city again this winter?"

"No, little maid, I think not, unless *you* would prefer doing so."

"Well, I just guess *not*. It was hard enough to go last year, when Ned was spandy new, and I had no Bird's Nest; but I just believe I'd die *dead* if I had to go *this* year."

"You need not prepare to 'die dead' yet, then, for I look forward to a cozy winter beneath my own 'roof-tree,' and the carving of my own gobbler at Thanksgiving; and this year the day must be indeed one of Thanksgiving, for surely we never had greater cause to be thankful," answered Papa, with a glance toward Mama, who sat reading close by.

"Is that a hint for me?" asked Mama, who was now rapidly getting back her strength and beginning to be her cheerful self once more.

"I should n't wonder, for I'm already whetting my appetite for something extra nice *this* Thanksgiving, having been cheated out of it last," answered Papa.

"You shall have it; for now that I am growing so strong, Denise is going to help get up the feast, and you shall see what a skilful little cook the Bird's Nest cooking-school has made her."

"Good! I'll prepare myself for something extra plummy a week from Thursday, and shall put myself on short rations, meanwhile, in order to be in prime condition to enjoy it."

(To be continued.)

JUANITO AND JEFE.

A Story of the Philippines.

BY CHARLES B. HOWARD.

ON an obscure little island in the Philippine group stands an obscure little native village; and in this village there stood, a few years ago, a certain hut, built, like the others, entirely of bamboo, and thatched with dried nipa-leaves. In this hut there dwelt a chocolate-colored family, consisting of Mariano Pelasquez, his wife, and a sturdy eleven-year-old boy, Juanito by name.

Old Mariano had lived as a boy in one of the large seaports, and there had learned to speak Spanish fluently; and this language he had taught Juanito as he grew up, in hope that some day the boy might become a servant or possibly a clerk to one of the Spanish or English residents — preferably the latter, as the *Ingleses* paid better wages than the *Espanoles*, and were less liable to throw boots and dishes and things.

Mariano was a species of agriculturist whenever he chose to exert himself, which was seldom. He owned a tiny bit of land, on which stood a commodious hut and a fruitful mango-tree; but the pride of his heart was his *carabao*, or water-buffalo, which tugged at the plow or rough cart on the rare occasions when Mariano took to farming. These *carabaos* are huge mouse-colored beasts, amazingly hideous in appearance, and very savage when wild; but they are docile as lambs when once tamed. Moreover, their tremendous strength is of great service, while their very slow gait is quite in accord with the ideas of the Philippine natives, and perfectly suits that laziest of races.

This particular *carabao* was called "Jefe" (which means "chief"), because he was the largest and strongest in the village; and the Pelasquez family took the same amount of pride in him that an English family would have in a thoroughbred race-horse. Therefore the head of the household was greatly exercised

in mind, one morning, to discover that Jefe had broken his tether during the night, and left for parts unknown.

"Oh, thou ungrateful one!" muttered Mariano; "and I was to plow to-day. Juanito!" he called.

"*Si, padre,*" answered Juanito, appearing in the doorway arrayed in a pair of short trousers, his customary costume.

"Good boy, to answer in Spanish," said the father, smiling, and holding out his hand, which Juanito dutifully kissed, as all good little *Filipinos* are expected to do every morning, and all bad ones must. "See," went on Mariano, "that pig of a Jefe has broken his rope, and gone probably to the river-bend. Get from thy mother some breakfast, and seek him."

Juanito looked thoughtful. "Perhaps the crazy Englishmen who arrived yesterday have stolen him," he suggested.

Two naturalists, who seemed English, had come to the village the evening before, and spent the night at the priest's house. Juanito had seen them, and had thought of little else ever since.

"Ingleses do not steal *carabaos*, thou monkey," answered Mariano. "These two particular lunatics seek only bugs and snakes. Thinkest thou that they could put Jefe in their pockets? Haste away, now, and come not back without him."

Juanito secured two plump bananas from his mother, and trudged away across the fields toward the bend in the river. *Carabaos* at liberty for the time being always assembled there to sink themselves up to the eyes in the cool water, and to doze in comfort, defying their insect tormentors.

Juanito munched his bananas as he went along in the cool morning air, and soon was pushing his way through the bushes which

skirted the river, following the path worn by the buffaloes in their pilgrimages. Coming out on the bank, he saw, apparently floating on the surface, about a dozen huge horned heads, which turned slowly and fixed as many pairs of big, sleepy eyes on the coming boy.

Juanito studied them carefully. "Aha!" he exclaimed at last, "there thou art — thou with the biggest horns! Come here, Jefe!"

But Jefe was too comfortable, and would n't come; so Juanito finally took off his trousers, and waded in until he could climb up on the great beast's back. "Now get up, big stupid!" he shouted, pounding the massive head vigorously with a small fist. Either the insult or the thumps had the desired effect, and, with many sighs and grunts, Jefe scrambled laboriously to his feet (almost submerging his companions in the waves created by the process), and splashed shoreward.

Juanito secured his trousers, and mounting again, urged his ponderous steed along the path. As they emerged from the bushes, Juanito caught sight of two figures across the field, dressed in white, with huge sun-helmets, apparently examining something closely.

"Hola!" exclaimed Juanito, "the two English lunatics. Let us go and see what they have found, Jefe."

I may say here that all the ignorant natives of the far East, being unable to understand their ways, came to the conclusion long ago that the English and American races were composed entirely of harmless lunatics.

Jefe, having been at last persuaded to turn his nose in that direction, proceeded, one leg at a time, toward the two white figures.

Now there is a peculiarity about these carabaos of which Juanito was unaware; and that is that, although they can be controlled and led by a six-year-old native, if necessary, at the same time, in those parts of the islands where a white man is a rarity the sight of one seems to

drive the creatures frantic, and they will often attack with all the fierceness and fury of a wild bull a white person who has not given them the slightest cause; and their attack is really the more dangerous to the victim, for a carabao's horns are each as long and thick as a man's arm. A single carabao has been known to attack and kill a full-grown tiger.

Consequently, Juanito was hardly prepared when, about half-way across the field, Jefe raised his head aloft, and began to utter strange, nasal grunts, pricking his great ears forward; and



was still less so when the hitherto placid beast of burden quickened

his steps into a sort of sidle, and then broke into a lumbering, elephantine canter.

"Haya! que tiene tu? [What hast thou? what is the matter?]"

shouted the amazed Juanito, striving to maintain his balance. But Jefe's sides were still wet and slippery, and in another moment Juanito tumbled ingloriously off. He picked himself up, and gazed open-mouthed at Jefe, who, with his head in the air, his back arched like a bow, and his feet in a bunch, was going across the field in a sort of hopping, see-saw-like gallop. I do not know of any other beast whose movements, when galloping, are like those of a carabao, unless it be a bear.

So, combining this with Jefe's own individual hideousness, it is no wonder that the two naturalists, upon catching sight of what was coming, dropped their specimens and fled at the top of their speed toward the nearest tree.

"IN ANOTHER MOMENT JUANITO TUMBLED INGLORIOUSLY OFF."

This, fortunately for them, belonged to a certain species the branches of which grow very low, and are as gnarled and irregular as those of any old apple-tree in New England, affording equally good footholds for climbing.

So, when Juanito arrived breathless on the scene, the two Ingleses were perched com-

"I did n't set him on you, señor," answered Juanito, with indignation. "He went."

"Humph!" growled the other prisoner. "Well, will you kindly oblige us by removing him to as great a distance as possible? We should like to get down."

Juanito grasped the fragment of cord attached to Jefe's nose, and pulled it as he was accustomed to do; but Jefe refused to budge, and butted the tree again.

"Come along, thou son of a hundred crazy monkeys!" shouted Juanito, tugging at the cord. But even this reflection on his family had no effect on Jefe, and again he butted the tree.

"He will not come, señores," said Juanito, feeling very much hurt at his old friend's strange behavior. "I do not know what ails him. He is a pig!" he added spitefully, with a barefooted kick, at which Jefe merely wagged an ear and whisked his ridiculous little tail.

One of the Englishmen began to laugh; but the other exclaimed impatiently: "Well, well, go and get your father, or somebody; and hurry up! We wish to come down."

Juanito rubbed his scrubby head in great

perplexity. "I cannot, señor," he said; "my father told me not to come back without Jefe."

"Oh, good gracious!" exclaimed the Englishman, "he won't mind when you tell him about it. Here, I will give you this peseta if you will go."

Juanito gazed at the shining coin, worth about twenty cents. He had never seen a piece of silver before, and knew nothing of its value; but he had a vague idea that it would



"HE PULLED OUT A HANDSOME JACK-KNIFE, AND OPENED ITS GLEAMING BLADES."

fortably aloft, bombarding Jefe with sticks and disagreeable names, while he, regardless of both of these weapons, butted the tree, and grunted angrily.

"Hullo," said one of the men, "here 's a boy. *Hola*, youngster," he called, in Spanish; "is this beast yours?"

"*Si, señor*," panted Juanito.

"Well, what do you mean by setting him on us?" was his indignant demand.

buy things. Still he shook his head. "*Señor, mi padre* [my father] —"

"Hang your padre!" sputtered the angry naturalist. "Stop your confounded giggling, Hardy,"—to his companion. "Here, youngster, I will give you a whole *peso*!"

"It's no use, Brown," interrupted the other; "the little savage knows nothing about money. Perhaps this will serve the purpose"; and he pulled out a handsome jack-knife, and opened its gleaming blades. "Now, *chicito* [youngster]," he said, holding it up, "here is a fine knife for you, if you will go and get your father."

A knife! Juanito's black eyes shone. Why, only one man in the whole village owned such a knife as that—and his had only one blade! What wonderful things he could do with it! What bamboo whistles and pipes he could make! And how much better he could carve sticks than with his father's great heavy *bolo* (hunting-knife), which he always had to ask permission to take. And then, just to *own* such a knife!—he would be a hero, an aristocrat, an object of reverence to all his companions! There unrolled in his mind endless visions of the advantages to be gained by lending it to trusted friends under certain conditions.

He looked at the still obstinate Jefe, and gave one last useless tug at the cord. Then he gazed away toward the village, and dug his toes into the ground. Finally he looked up again, his big black eyes brimming with tears, and a pitiful quaver in his voice as he said:

"*No puedo* [I cannot], señor; I should be disobeying my father."

"Well, of all —!" began Brown angrily.

"It's really no use to talk that way, you know," said the other, resignedly. "If there is one admirable trait among these people, it is filial piety. I don't believe anything on earth would induce a Philippine child to disobey its parents."

"A sort of Casabianca on the burning deck," growled Brown. "Of all absurd situations! The sun will be high in half an hour, and we shall be cooked, and that rare specimen we found will be utterly spoiled."

"Can't you tie him up in some way?" asked Hardy of Juanito, after a thoughtful pause.

"I have nothing to tie him with, señor," answered Juanito. "Indeed, I am very sorry, señores," he added apologetically.

"So are we," answered Hardy, grimly. "I wish I had a gun. You don't suppose our belts would hold the horrible beast, do you, Brown?"

"Why, yes; they might," answered his friend; "that's a good idea! Here, Casabianca," he called, "take these, and see if you can tie up your friend till we can get away."

They threw down two stout belts made of leather and canvas, which Juanito picked up and examined dubiously. He understood better than the Englishmen the tremendous strength of a carabao's neck-muscles. Then a brilliant idea struck him.

"I will fasten his legs together, señores," he said, "so he cannot run."

"All right; go ahead," answered Brown. "Anything to get us out of this."

Juanito took one of the belts, and, kneeling down, proceeded to fasten it around Jefe's hocks, which, in the legs of a carabao, are very close together, buckling it as tight as he could. Jefe looked around inquiringly, and wiggled his tail, but made no further objections, being more or less used to pranks on the part of his small master. The two Englishmen looked on with absorbing interest.

To secure his fore legs was more difficult, because Jefe insisted upon being affectionate, and pushed Juanito about with his huge black muzzle; but at last the second belt was made fast around his knees, as tight as Juanito could pull it.

"Is he all right, Casabianca?" called Brown.

"Si, señor," answered Juanito, "he is, if your belts are."

"Well said," replied Hardy. "We will take our chances, and also those of recovering our belts. Now suppose you keep his head in your direction while we get down."

Juanito pulled a big handful of leaves, and thereby kept Jefe's attention distracted while the Englishmen crawled gingerly out on the longest branch, and swung down to the ground as quietly as possible; but Jefe's ears were sharp, and he turned his head just in time to see his intended victims departing with judicious

speed. He gave an angry squeal, and a plunge, only to pitch forward and come down on his side with a most prodigious thump.

"Run, señores!" shouted Juanito, hopping wildly about in his excitement, "the straps may break!"

Jefe was kicking furiously, and squealing and grunting as if he were wild with rage.

The Englishmen stopped only to secure the botanical specimen they had discovered, and then scampered for the village; and none too soon, for in another second the belts snapped in quick succession, and Jefe was up and after them, with Juanito clinging to his back like a big frog, and clutching with fingers and toes the long, coarse hair!

The naturalists ran swiftly and well, but Jefe gained on them rapidly with his extraordinary gallop, and by the time they reached the village was only a few yards behind, with Juanito still attached to his back. Evidently the boy was determined that he and Jefe should come home together, according to orders.

The fugitives flew for the priest's house, a two-story structure, and tumbled up the outside steps to the balcony, while Jefe pulled up with a terrific shuffle and cloud of dust, and then, after a moment of reflection, did his best to butt the house down—to the horror of Juanito, and the consternation of the stout and reverend proprietor, who came waddling out on the balcony to see what was going on.

So Jefe was butting, and Juanito was kicking

him, and the Englishmen were panting and laughing, and the priest was scolding, when old Mariano, who had witnessed the procession as it passed his hut, came tearing up, armed with a cudgel. A few whacks from the stick soon reduced the belligerent Jefe to subjection, and Juanito led him away, the picture of meekness.

Mariano remained to apologize for his carabao's misbehavior, dwelling on his good qualities and offering to sell him for a good price.

"No, thank you," said Hardy,—"not that particular beast, at any rate!"

The same evening Juanito and his father were summoned over to the priest's house again, and Brown said to Mariano:

"Now, listen: we shall return here in a few weeks, on our way to Manila, and we will then take that remarkable boy of yours with us, if you like, as our servant. We will pay him good wages, and when we leave the islands we will see that he gets a place in one of the merchants' offices. A *muchacho* [boy] who can obey orders as well as he ought to be able to make a comfortable living, as a curiosity, at least."

It did not take Juanito long to accept this surprising offer.

"And now," said Hardy, good-naturedly pulling the lad's ear, "that is for keeping us up that tree so long; and this," placing something in his hand, "is for obeying thy father so bravely."

"This" was the three-bladed jack-knife.

THE STREET-SWEEPER.

BY JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

Now Mainz is one of the strongest fortresses in Germany; but, nevertheless, during the Thirty Years' War it was occupied by the French, who laid the country waste and ruled over the land with all the harshness of invaders. There seemed no hope of escape from their tyranny, for the men who had fought and lost were discouraged, and had no further heart for resistance. So matters went from

bad to worse, until, one day, the beautiful young Countess of Stein summoned all the sweetest and best maidens of the city into her presence, and urged them to make a solemn vow that they would neither wed nor listen to a word of wooing until their country was entirely free.

As you may believe, the news of this league made a great stir; for men who have lost their

courage in war, and men who have lost their hearts in love, are very different beings. The Frenchmen saw very soon that the young Germans were showing signs of rebellion, and so they determined to wreak their vengeance on the countess. They took her prisoner, dragged her through the city, and at last thrust a broom into her hand, and bade her sweep the principal street of the town—a terrible humiliation, they thought, for a high-bred lady as she was.

But do you think she faltered? No, indeed. She raised her eyes, and, praying aloud so all could hear,—“God of my fatherland, bless my sweeping, and as I sweep the highway, grant that the enemy may be swept from our land!”—grasped the broom firmly (like the true young

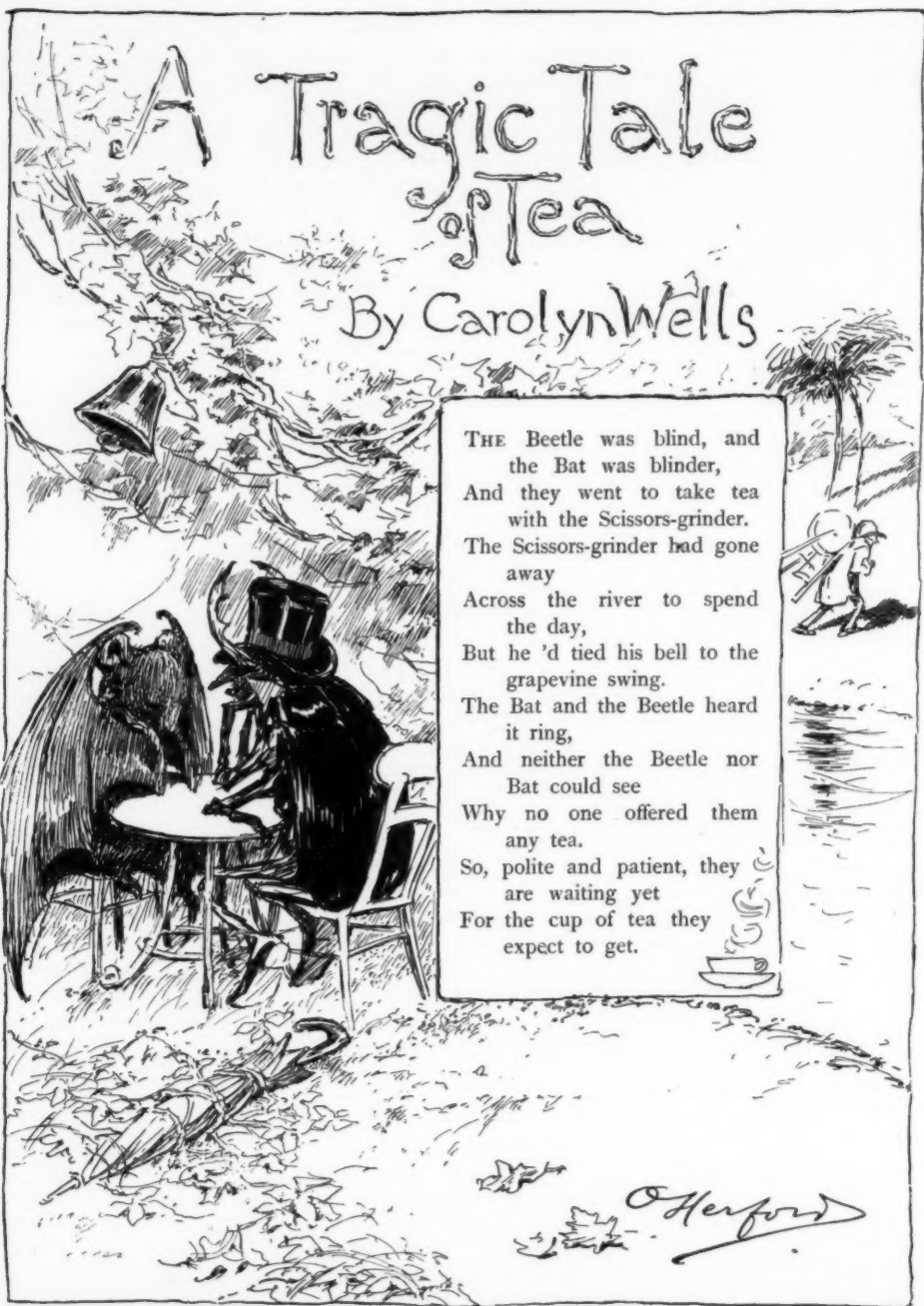
noblewoman she was), and swept so clean that not a Frenchman of them all (and Frenchmen pride themselves on being able to see very fine points) could discover a speck of dust. They stood about, and twirled their mustaches, and tried to look supercilious, and to raise the people's mirth against her. But they did not succeed; and the townsfolk, instead of jeering, took off their caps, and echoed her prayer—“God bless the sweeping!”

And God did bless it; for the sight of their noble young countess at her task put the men on their mettle, and they turned on the Frenchmen and fought with such a will that it was not long before there was not one left in the land, and they had indeed swept the country quite clear of every foe.



I BEGGED for a verse in my album.
She wrote (I think it bright):
“Why ask of one to write a rhyme
Who cannot rhyme aright?”

Norman D. Gray.



A Tragic Tale of Tea

By Carolyn Wells

THE Beetle was blind, and
the Bat was blinder,
And they went to take tea
with the Scissors-grinder.
The Scissors-grinder had gone
away
Across the river to spend
the day,
But he 'd tied his bell to the
grapevine swing.
The Bat and the Beetle heard
it ring,
And neither the Beetle nor
Bat could see
Why no one offered them
any tea.
So, polite and patient, they
are waiting yet
For the cup of tea they
expect to get.





"—As she lay
Till the day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!"

DOUBTLESS, many of the readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* have crossed the ocean, but I wonder if any ever had the misfortune to encounter a storm, and, if so, what were their sensations while it lasted. It requires a life-long familiarity with the perils of the sea to become as philosophical as Barney Buntline, who, as the old song has it, remarked to his shipmate, Billy Bowline,

"'A stiff nor'easter 's blowin', Bill,
Hark! don't you hear it roar?
Lor', how I pities them poor folks
Wot 's got to live on shore!'"

and who, while the storm raged, and the seas were mountains rolling, took great comfort in the fact that he was on board of a tight little craft, all reefed down snug, and was in no danger from the falling tiles and chimney-pots that threatened the luckless wights abroad in the storm on land!

But it is no joke to be overtaken by one of those terrible hurricanes that, every summer and autumn, sweep over the North Atlantic Ocean; and while it may be pleasant afterward to relate thrilling stories by one's fireside of "fearful nights at sea," yet, at the time, the narrator

would no doubt have gladly foregone the future pleasure to have been safely out of the present danger.

These dreadful disturbances that are variously known as "hurricanes" in the North Atlantic, "cyclones" in the Indian Ocean, and "typhoons" in the China Seas, are all of the same general character, and equally dreaded by Jack, no matter what they are called.

In old days, sailors described the wind, in their logs, as a breeze, a gale, or a hurricane; but the late Admiral Beaufort, Royal Navy, devised a much more definite, though very simple, system of record, which is now universally used at sea. This scale runs from 0 (calm) to 12 (hurricane), and the force of the wind is estimated by the amount of *sail* a vessel can safely carry. It is rough, of course, but it gives a sailor an instant idea of the exact state of things. Here are three or four possible records taken at random: 1 means a very light air—that the ship was barely moving; 5, a good, fresh breeze—all sail set; 7, a moderate gale—topsails double-reefed; 12, a hurricane—the ship "under bare poles."

A hurricane is a *revolving* storm, or whirlwind, spinning around with terrific force, while, at the same time, it moves bodily along in a curved track termed a parabola. The first dia-

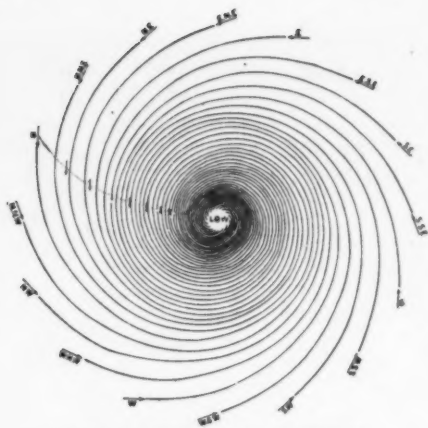


DIAGRAM 1. CIRCULATION OF A HURRICANE.

gram shows how the wind circles toward and around the center, marked "LOW," where the barometer stands lowest, and where—strange to say—it is almost perfectly calm. We see that for some distance around the LOW the lines are shaded much darker, and are almost circular. It is here that the winds blow most fiercely, and are prevented by an *updraft* from approaching nearer the center; producing on the surface of the sea that "dreadful calm" called by the sailor the "eye of the wind." Here the roar of the storm dies suddenly away, and all is still save for the confusion of the tumultuous seas. This lasts but a short time, however, and the suspense is soon over, for the center passes by, and the *opposite* side of the whirl falls on the doomed ship with all the previous terrible fury, but blowing in the *contrary* direction, accompanied by tremendous cross-seas.

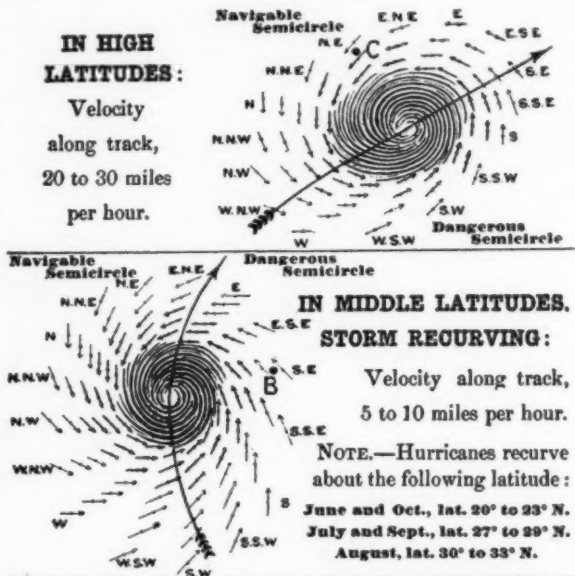
Again looking at the diagram, we see that the winds all blow from *right* to *left* about the center, or, as sailors say, "*against* the hands of a watch." This is the case only in the northern

hemisphere, for in the southern hemisphere their course is exactly the reverse, or "*with* the hands of a watch."

In the second diagram, we see how the whole storm moves along its track. Starting from the West Indies, it proceeds in a westerly and northwesterly direction toward the coast of the United States, along the path shown by the arrows. As it reaches higher latitudes (depending upon the season), it recurves toward the north and northeast, and whirls away off to sea again, probably driving across the Grand Banks, meeting the home-coming steamers from Europe (see the part marked "In High Latitudes"), and swooping upon many of the frail fishing-craft whose hardy crews take their peril-

IN HIGH LATITUDES:

Velocity
along track,
20 to 30 miles
per hour.



IN MIDDLE LATITUDES. STORM RECURVING:

Velocity along track,
5 to 10 miles per hour.

NOTE.—Hurricanes recurve
about the following latitude:

June and Oct., lat. 20° to 23° N.
July and Sept., lat. 27° to 29° N.
August, lat. 30° to 33° N.

IN LOW LATITUDES:

Velocity
along track,
about 17 miles
per hour.

DIAGRAM 2. STORM TRACK, FROM LOW TO HIGH LATITUDES.

ous chances here. I have known one evening's papers to bring accounts of the loss of *ten* of these vessels in a furious gale off the Grand Banks.

Referring again to the figure marked "In Middle Latitudes," we see that the half of the storm to the *right* of the arrow is

so the ship must be "hove to" on the starboard tack, which would then be the "coming-up tack," so that she will come up to the wind, as it shifts, and not get taken aback—which would be fatal. An historical instance of such a grievous mistake was the disaster that

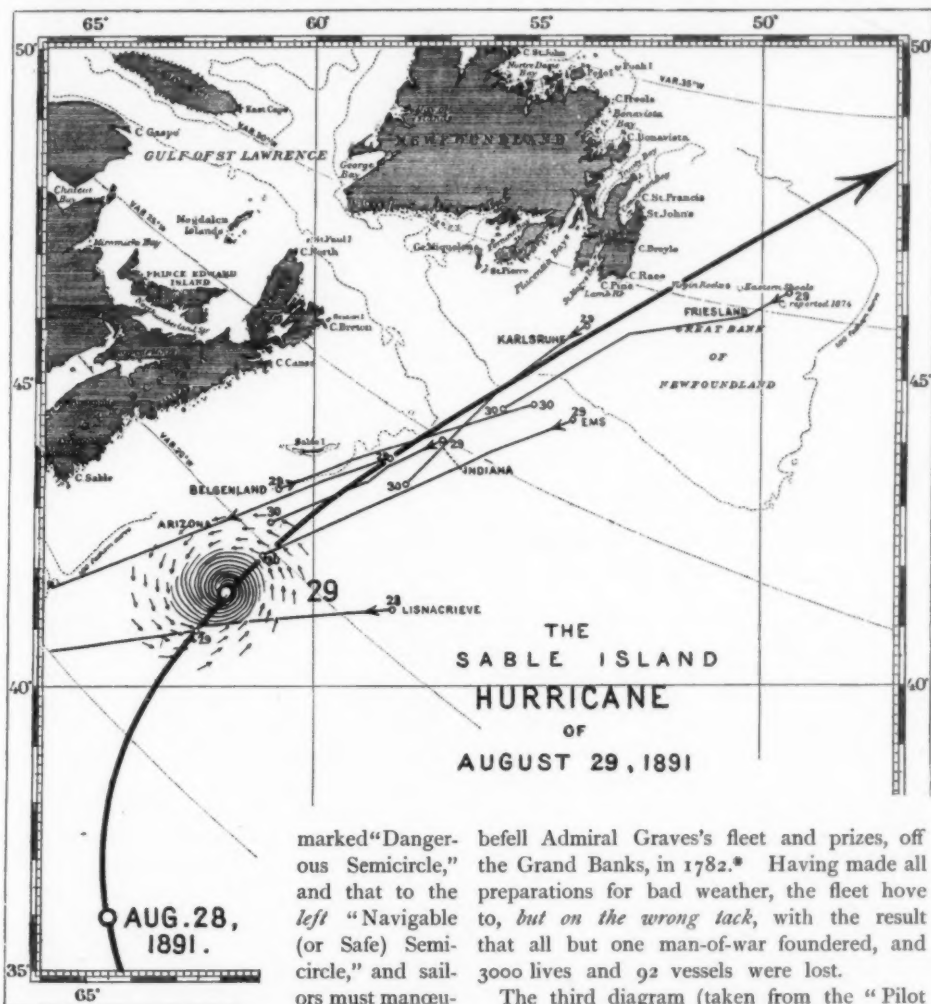


DIAGRAM 3. (FROM THE "PILOT CHART.")

ver to keep in the latter always. To learn which half they are in, they watch the successive "shifts" of wind. If to the *right*, they know they are on the *right* of the storm track, and in the *dangerous* part,

marked "Dangerous Semicircle," and that to the *left* "Navigable (or Safe) Semicircle," and sailors must manoeuvre

to keep in the latter always. To learn which half they are in, they watch the successive "shifts" of wind. If to the *right*, they know they are on the *right* of the storm track, and in the *dangerous* part, befell Admiral Graves's fleet and prizes, off the Grand Banks, in 1782.* Having made all preparations for bad weather, the fleet hove to, *but on the wrong tack*, with the result that all but one man-of-war foundered, and 3000 lives and 92 vessels were lost.

The third diagram (taken from the "Pilot Chart") is an excellent illustration of a typical hurricane of great intensity, though of small diameter, which passed close to Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia, and over the Banks, August 29, 1891. As we see, it was

* See Letter Box, page 877.

right in the path of numbers of ocean steamers with whose names we are very familiar.

1. The "Lisnagrieve" was directly in the rear of the center of the storm on the 29th, and, although almost on the outer edge, her captain reported the wind as blowing with "terrific force." His experience lasted about six hours.

2. On the outer edge of the navigable semi-circle we notice the "Arizona," which reported "a hurricane wind and blinding rain."

3. More nearly in front of the path of the storm, we observe the "Belgenland," which began to encounter it about 10 A. M. By noon it was a "full gale, with mountainous head seas sweeping over her and straining her badly." At 1.30 P. M. the center passed by her.

4. The "Ems" was almost directly in the path of the storm and experienced a wind whose force was logged "from 11 to 12," which, as you will remember, means a "hurricane," and tells the whole story.

5. The "Karlsruhe" ran into the storm at 5 P. M., 29th, and at 6 the vortex passed over her, when it fell calm; but at 6.30 she encountered the *opposite* side of the whirl.

6. The "Indiana" was kept dry by the dripping of oil from both bows; and although tremendous seas were running and breaking, they could not come on board.

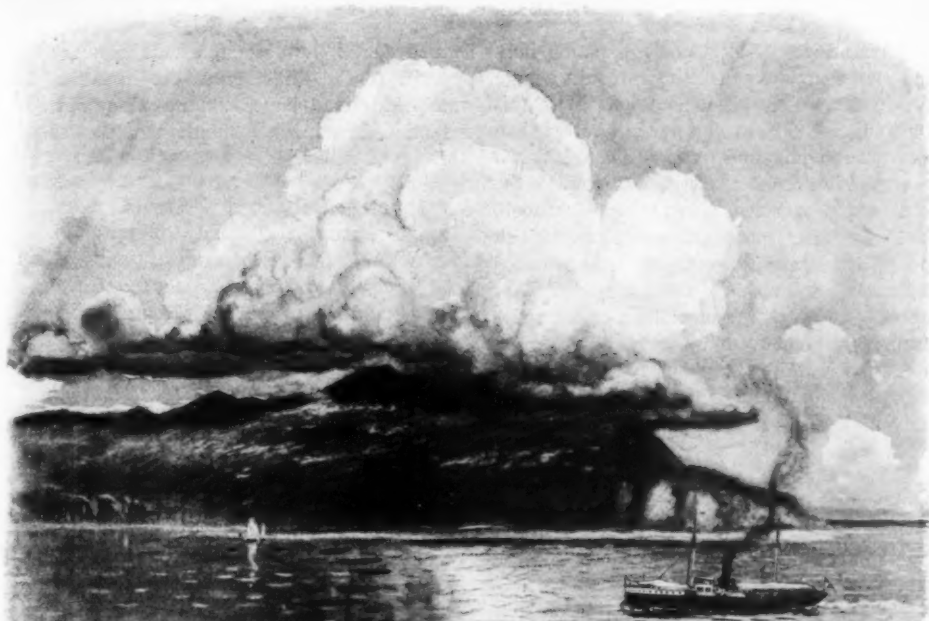
This was certainly a most practical illustration of the old saying as to the "pouring of oil on troubled waters,"—a proverb as old as the Bible, but only very recently applied, thanks to the Hydrographic Office of the United States, and now very generally followed by seamen the world over. It was an American also (Redfield) who first thoroughly found out and explained the true character of these revolving storms, and to him all seamen are forever indebted.

In using oil, it is astonishing how small a quantity will suffice—just a quart or two, in a bag stuffed with oakum, hung over the bows, and allowed to drip, drop by drop, on the sea, where it spreads out in a thin, greasy film over the surface of the water. Over the film the wind slips, as it were, and has no power to bank the water up into waves which would break over the ship. Hundreds of reports are

on file in the office, attesting the marvelous results of this simple agent of safety.

On October 10, 1846, in the *land-locked* harbor of Havana, 216 vessels foundered at their anchors, 2000 houses were destroyed, and great loss of life followed. Two years before, in the same harbor—unrivalled for the security of its anchorage—72 vessels foundered in a few hours. No wonder that the "Te Deum" is sung at the close of the hurricane season in many places in the West Indies, according to my friend the editor of the "Pilot Chart."

Another instance of the effect of these terrible storms, and one that more closely appeals to us, is the sad result of the great hurricane that passed over Samoa on March 15-16, 1889, the story of which has already been told in ST. NICHOLAS. In the harbor of Apia were anchored the United States steamers "Trenton," "Vandalia," and "Nipsic," the British war-vessel "Calliope," and the German men-of-war "Olga," "Adler," and "Eber," with quite a number of merchant vessels. Of all these, the Calliope was the only one to escape uninjured, and she was saved only by her powerful engines, which enabled her, when she "slipped her cables," as a desperate resort, after hanging for a while in terrible suspense, to slowly force her way out of the harbor into the open sea, in the teeth of the gale, followed by the ringing cheers of the Trenton's men. Even in their dire extremity, with the generosity characteristic of the sailor at all times, they found time to applaud this plucky attempt. The Adler was capsized on the reef, and the little Eber completely disappeared, only one man, a young midshipman, being saved. Of our own ships, the Trenton and Vandalia were sunk, and the gallant captain of the latter and forty-five men and officers were lost. As the ill-fated Vandalia was forced on the cruel reefs, and her crew clung, dazed and worn out, in the rigging, the band of the Trenton—even while the latter was drifting to destruction—strove to cheer and encourage the poor unfortunates by playing the national anthem, an act of heroism, under the circumstances, in keeping with the well-known courage of American tars.



THE CRADLE OF CYCLONES

By J. M. ELLICOTT · U. S. N.

IMAGINE yourself on a trim ocean-steamer, gently throbbing along over a summer sea of indigo blue, ruffled here and there by little white wavelets. You are screened by taut-spread awnings from a tropical sun in a clear sky, and cooled by a constant breeze, which blows so gently that you feel as if it might continue unchanged forever. Toward the south a long stretch of horizon is hidden by a big island, rising in tropically green, verdure-covered terraces to piled-up, hazy mountain-peaks. More fascinating than the island itself are the clouds piled above it, masses upon masses of them, rolling and tumbling and contending among themselves. Great, dazzling white piles swell higher and higher above the peaks, growing first iridescent with beautiful opal tints, then

an ominous copper color, and finally seeming to burst asunder and send up fine white streams far into the blue of heaven, like volcanic vapor. Along the mountain-sides white fleeces drift like wisps of wool blown against a wayside hedge, while through the valleys dark-gray streamers trail like damp and newly combed hair.

Night comes on, and lurid lightning rushes through these clouds, throwing the moon-lit sea into pale insignificance, while from many other places on the horizon arise fitful flares and flashes out of smaller mounds of clouds hanging over other unseen islands. These lightnings all seem voiceless, and still your ship speeds on through stormless waters.

The big island is Cuba, and not far away are the Bahamas. You are in what may be called the cradle of cyclones. Here nature is calling into existence those dreadful storms which rush away northward over sea and land upon their ruthless and terrible course of destruction.

To get an idea of a cyclone's formation, imagine a large circular pan or tub with quite a large hole in the middle of its bottom. With this hole plugged, fill the vessel with water; then draw out the plug, and watch. There is first a rush of water from all directions toward the hole, and a turbulent effort to get through. Then the water surface above begins to sink and swirl, the particles gradually circling around and around, and rushing, ever faster, toward the center. At last there is actually a hollow space through the center, around which all the water in the tub is whirling, sluggishly near the rim, but with more and more violent rapidity toward the middle, until it rushes downward through the bottom. Now, if that water were air, you would be watching a little cyclone turned upside down, for the air rushes upward instead of downward. In the cradle of cyclones, during the summer months, when the land and the water grow hotter and hotter because of the longer days than nights, a layer of air, hot, light, and full of vapor, is for a time held down by denser air above it. Restless, expanding, tumultuous, it moves about like a beast at bay until a thinner place in the air above is found. Then up it madly rushes, and into the vacuum left behind the lower atmosphere hastens from all directions, pushing and twisting and pouring upward until it has fallen into a regular spinning around a common center. The cyclone, once formed, rushes away from the tropics toward the pole, and begins its career of destruction, bruising, wrecking, and sinking the luckless ships which happen to be in its path. More and more of the surrounding atmosphere is drawn into the whirl, until the storm often covers an area nearly a thousand miles in diameter. Sometimes it flings itself upon our Atlantic coast, and tears fiercely through forests, fields, and cities. Then again it sweeps away across the broad ocean, and dashes itself upon the coasts of Europe. Once in a while it so adroitly avoids the land that we never know it has passed until ships come in torn and broken.

For many years we have studied this weather monster of our summer months, until we have learned, to some extent, how to combat it. We have learned when it usually comes into being, and the general path it lays waste, and we have

learned that it always circles the same way, opposite to the direction of the hands of a watch. Mariners have a thumb-rule in rhyme to remind them in what months to expect such storms, and will say:

June,
Too soon.

August,
You must.

July,
Stand by.

September,
Remember.

October,
All over.

This is not quite true, for in October we often have the very worst storms of all.

There are telegraph-lines to Bermuda, Nassau, Cuba, Haiti, and nearly all the other West India Islands, so that when cyclones start from their cradle, observers telegraph to us their departure. Then along our Gulf and Atlantic coasts are ninety signal-stations, ready to telegraph to Washington the progress of the storm as it reaches them, so that it seldom gets far before all the ships in our great commercial ports are warned from Washington where the cyclone will be at almost every hour of its existence. A warning signal, consisting of two square red flags with black square centers, hoisted one above the other, is then displayed from prominent structures around the harbors, so that no ship can go to sea without seeing it, and messages are sent to all ship agents, giving details of the storm. Whenever you see those two square red flags displayed, make no plans for outdoor pastime. Remember that they mean a tropical cyclone is approaching, and be prepared for it. No ship should go to sea while those warning flags fly, yet some ship agents, straining to make business connections, send their ships to sea in the face of the warning, risking hundreds of lives, and usually losing just as much time as if they had detained the ship in port, while much more coal is burned in the deadly battle with the winds. Let me give you an idea what happens when a ship is sent to sea by such folly.

It is a cool forenoon early in October, and a ship is loading in New York City at a North

River pier for a West Indian port. The freight is all on board; trunks are swinging down into the hold, and passengers, gay or sad, are crowding upon the decks. The sun, brightly shining earlier, has disappeared behind a leaden pall of cloud coming from the south. In an office at the far end of the dock the officials of the line are assembled. It lacks an hour of sailing time; but the press of loading is over, and the company's agent reads his morning paper. The weather forecast falls under his eye: "Outgoing south-bound vessels will encounter a dangerous tropical hurricane between Cape Henry and Sandy Hook before morning. Hurricane-signals are ordered at all stations from Jupiter Inlet to Eastport." He turns the page impatiently, and becomes absorbed in the stock quotations.

Presently the steamer's captain arrives from his New Jersey home—a tall, strong man with a face like an antique bronze. When he has exchanged silk hat and civilian's clothes for cap and uniform, he, with a serious and steady glance, inquires:

"Have you seen the weather predictions?"

"Yes," the agent replies curtly; "you are going to have a blow." Then he returns to his stocks; and the captain, with a tightening of his lips, attends to other business.

A telegram is handed to the agent. He reads it with an impatient exclamation, and tosses it aside to resume his paper; then takes up the message again, and hands it to the captain.

"That may interest you," he says; "it is from the signal-office."

After a glance, the captain reads it slowly aloud with peculiar emphasis:

"Southern hurricane gaining great violence."

The rugged sailor compresses his lips, and eyes his agent keenly; but the latter is still more absorbed in his paper. It does not interest him that three hundred souls, men, women, and little children, are to be sent out to court death in that violent hurricane. He is not going to sea. The coming night will have no terrors for him beside a warm hearth in a snug home. Business must not be interrupted by the Weather Bureau.

Lines are cast off, and the ship steams down the bay. The passengers unwittingly watch

the nimble sailors, not noting that they are putting extra lashings everywhere. Even in the lower bay the sea is rough and the wind strong, while from a tall pole at Sandy Hook float two red flags with black centers. Outside the bar the ship stops, and the pilot's boat approaches through a broken sea. The rough pilot and the stalwart captain grasp hands in no unmeaning way.

"I'm afraid you'll have a dirty night, captain."

"Pilot, if I owned this ship, she'd not go to sea while those flags fly!"

At midnight the storm is around that luckless ship. The wind rushes upon her from the east in a fierce gale, dashing and driving before it a hurrying, tumbling sea, under whose ponderous blows the reeling vessel shudders from end to end. The dark pall of clouds dips downward, and closes round about, flinging across the water, from time to time, sharp gusts of rain.

When caught in a cyclone, a seaman must determine as quickly as possible the whereabouts of the center of the storm, and the direction in which it is moving. The first is easy to find out, for if it is remembered that the wind is blowing around a vast circle, in a direction opposite to the movement of the hands of a watch, one can face the wind and know that his right arm, extended, is pointing nearly toward the storm's center. Thus, when the wind comes from the east the center is to the south.

Now to discover which way that center is moving we must wait for the direction of the wind to change. If the direction from which the wind comes changes gradually toward the right, the wind is said to "haul." If it changes to the left the wind is said to "back." If, then, our gale backs, and we continue to face it, our right hand, always pointing toward the center, has swung around to the left, showing that the center is moving from right to left. If the gale hauls, its center is passing from left to right. If the wind neither hauls nor backs, but persistently blows from the same direction with increasing violence, the center is approaching in a straight line.

When in a cyclone, it is a seaman's endeavor to avoid its center; for, like the swirling water around the hole in the tub, the motion is more

rapid, the hurricane more violent, as we approach that center. Sometimes, like the hole in the water over the place where it runs out of the tub, there is a dead-calm center, for the air all around it is rushing upward; but woe betide the foolish or unfortunate captain who gets his vessel there! Into that confined circular area the waves have been lashed and driven like countless wild cattle into a corral. Like cattle, those confined waves madly turn hither and thither, leap upward, and pile upon one another; for around them sweep, in endless circles, the regular, onrushing seas of the storm. A ship in the midst of these confused seas knows not which way to turn to meet them. They leap about her with demoniac frenzy, falling in mountain heaps upon her decks, until, perhaps, she is swamped and sinks.

The discovery of the direction of motion of a cyclone's center may be a matter of hours or even of days; for the storm may be of such vast area, and traveling so slowly, that the wind blows from the same direction for a long time. Once discovered, it is a seaman's endeavor to cross the storm's path, if cross he must, behind the center instead of in front of it. In the southern hemisphere cyclones revolve right-handedly, and move toward the south pole, so what is here told must be reversed to fit storms in that part of the world.

If a ship has left port in good weather, the captain will be warned of a storm by his barometer. You know how in that instrument a column of mercury is balanced by the pressure of the outside air. When, therefore, the barometer falls steadily hour after hour, a sea-captain knows that his ship is approaching a spot where the uprushing atmosphere of a cyclone's center is making the air around it thin and light. Then he must watch and wait for the wind to tell him which way the storm is going.

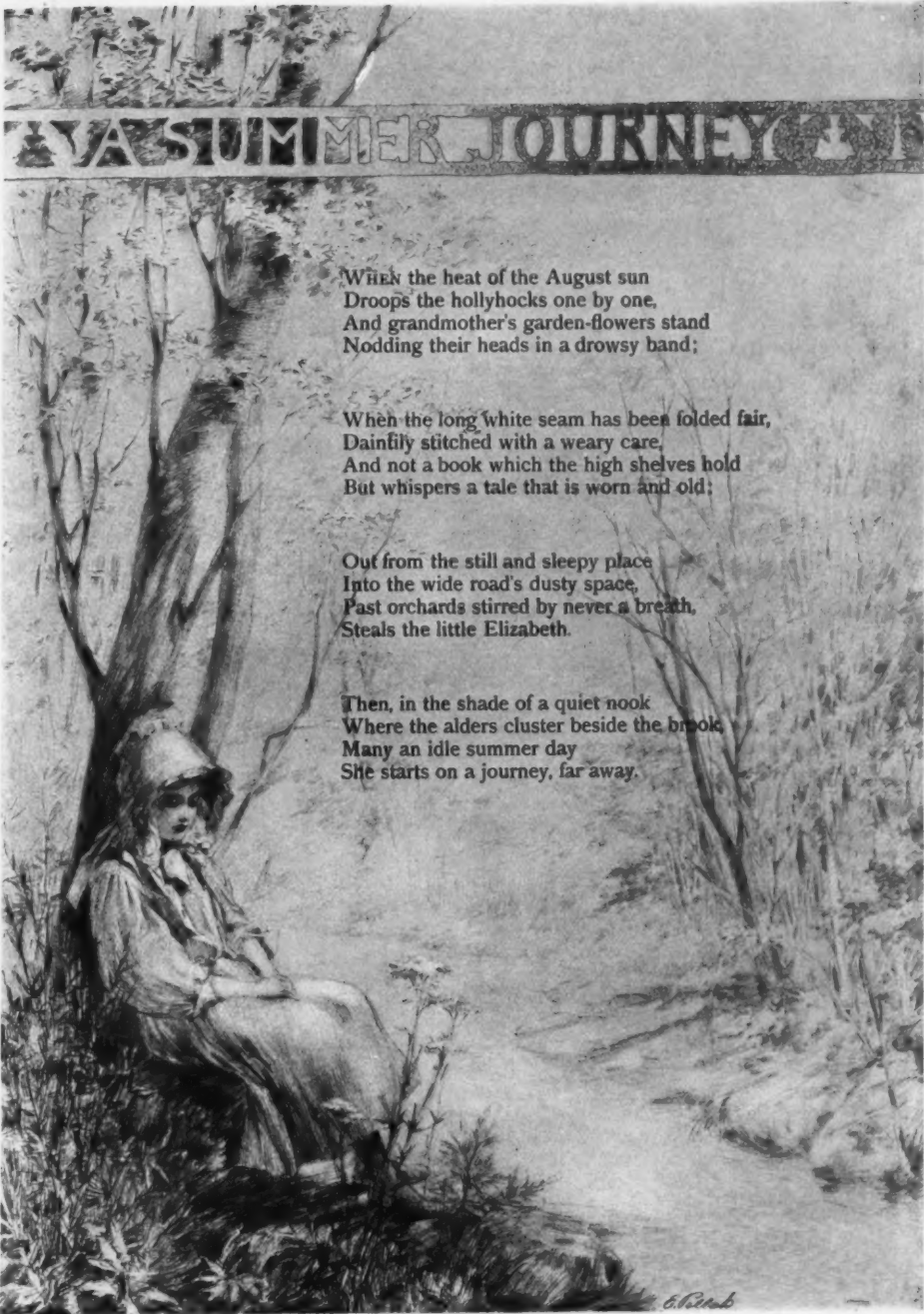
Morning dawns upon our storm-tossed steamer. She is no longer on her course toward the south, but heading far off to the eastward, her bow turned toward the terrible gray seas, her engines turning slowly, making no headway; perhaps she is even drifting toward the treacherous Hatteras coast in a wind-made current. The noise of the wind is terrific; the sea is like a slate-colored mountainous country;

the tops of the waves are cut off bodily by the hurricane, and flung through the air; the clouds bow down and brush against the very ocean itself. Rain in great sheets rushes horizontally through the saturated atmosphere. Nothing is visible but mountain seas sweeping incessantly upon the ship out of the half-darkness. Up, up, she climbs, with a long, slow heave, then dives downward with a swift, gasp-creating stagger, bowing her head to receive a watery blow which shocks and strains her from stem to stern.

Her officers are weary, bruised, sleepless, and unnerved; her passengers are ill, terrified, helpless, and almost dying; her freight may be saturated and ruined. Days may be spent thus which might just as well have been spent snugly and safely at anchor in New York bay, behind those warning signal-flags at Sandy Hook. Coal is being burned which might as well have been saved at anchor. Poor human beings are agonized with anxiety for dear ones at sea who need never have started had the storm warning been heeded. Or else the great tragedy of the ocean is once again enacted, and that ship's fate becomes one of the unsolved mysteries of the deep.

Let us suppose, however, that the ship survives. Days of terrible weather may pass, till, all at once, the clouds seem to lift from the sea, the rain ceases, and the horizon is once more seen. The center of the storm has passed by, and the worst is over. With frightful, reeling rolls the ship is turned on her course, and, under all steam, rushes away from the grasp of the storm monster. In a few days she is sailing over summer seas amid the cloud-tipped islands, while her passengers, in ignorance, are admiring the peaceful cradle of cyclones. They gather in a testimonial of praise to their captain, and forget to blame the heartless autocrat in the New York office who sent them through "the valley of the shadow of death."

Do not forget that man, you who read what I write. If you have fathers in Congress, beg them to call for a law prohibiting at least our American ships from going to sea when warned of such storms. If your fathers are insurance men, urge them to make it a clause in their policies that a ship forfeits her insurance if sent to sea when storm-flags fly.



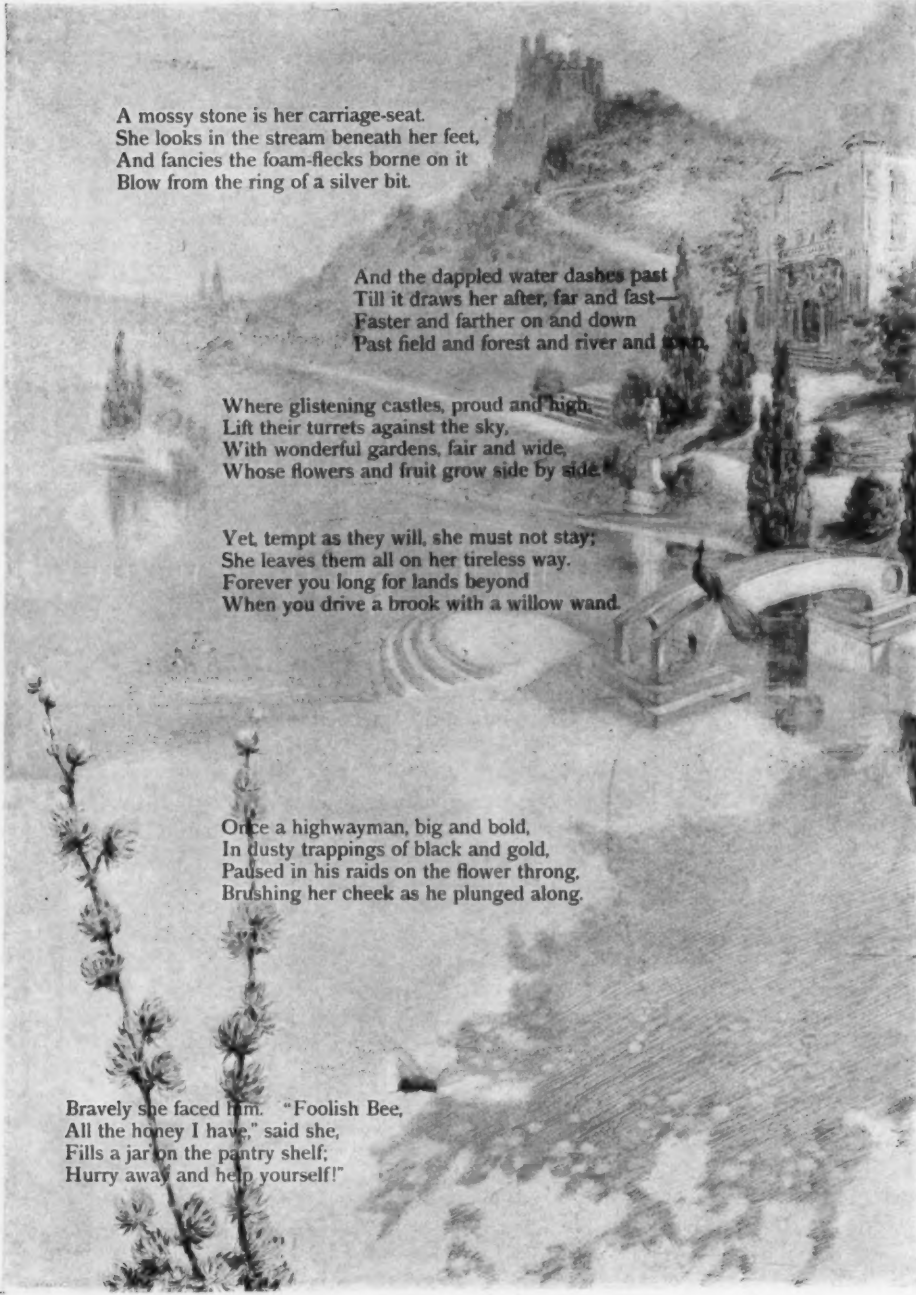
MY SUMMER JOURNEY

When the heat of the August sun
Droops the hollyhocks one by one,
And grandmother's garden-flowers stand
Nodding their heads in a drowsy band;

When the long white seam has been folded fair,
Daintily stitched with a weary care,
And not a book which the high shelves hold
But whispers a tale that is worn and old;

Out from the still and sleepy place
Into the wide road's dusty space,
Past orchards stirred by never a breath,
Steals the little Elizabeth.

Then, in the shade of a quiet nook
Where the alders cluster beside the brook,
Many an idle summer day
She starts on a journey, far away.



A mossy stone is her carriage-seat.
She looks in the stream beneath her feet,
And fancies the foam-flecks borne on it
Blow from the ring of a silver bit.

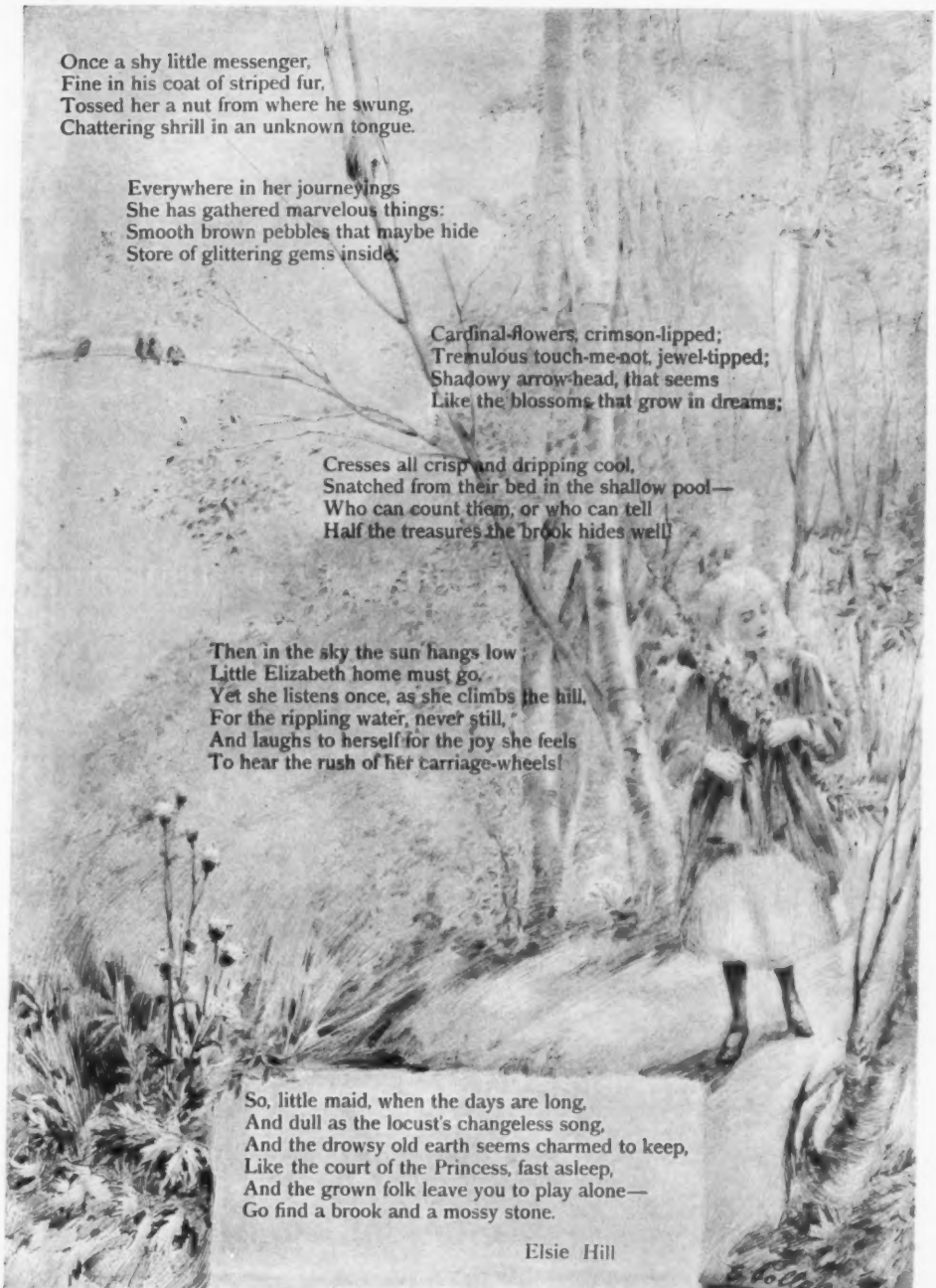
And the dappled water dashes past
Till it draws her after, far and fast—
Faster and farther on and down
Past field and forest and river and town.

Where glistening castles, proud and high,
Lift their turrets against the sky,
With wonderful gardens, fair and wide,
Whose flowers and fruit grow side by side.

Yet, tempt as they will, she must not stay;
She leaves them all on her tireless way.
Forever you long for lands beyond
When you drive a brook with a willow wand.

Once a highwayman, big and bold,
In dusty trappings of black and gold,
Paused in his raids on the flower throng,
Brushing her cheek as he plunged along.

Bravely she faced him. "Foolish Bee,
All the honey I have," said she,
Fills a jar on the pantry shelf;
Hurry away and help yourself!"



Once a shy little messenger,
Fine in his coat of striped fur,
Tossed her a nut from where he swung,
Chattering shrill in an unknown tongue.

Everywhere in her journeyings
She has gathered marvelous things:
Smooth brown pebbles that maybe hide
Store of glittering gems inside;

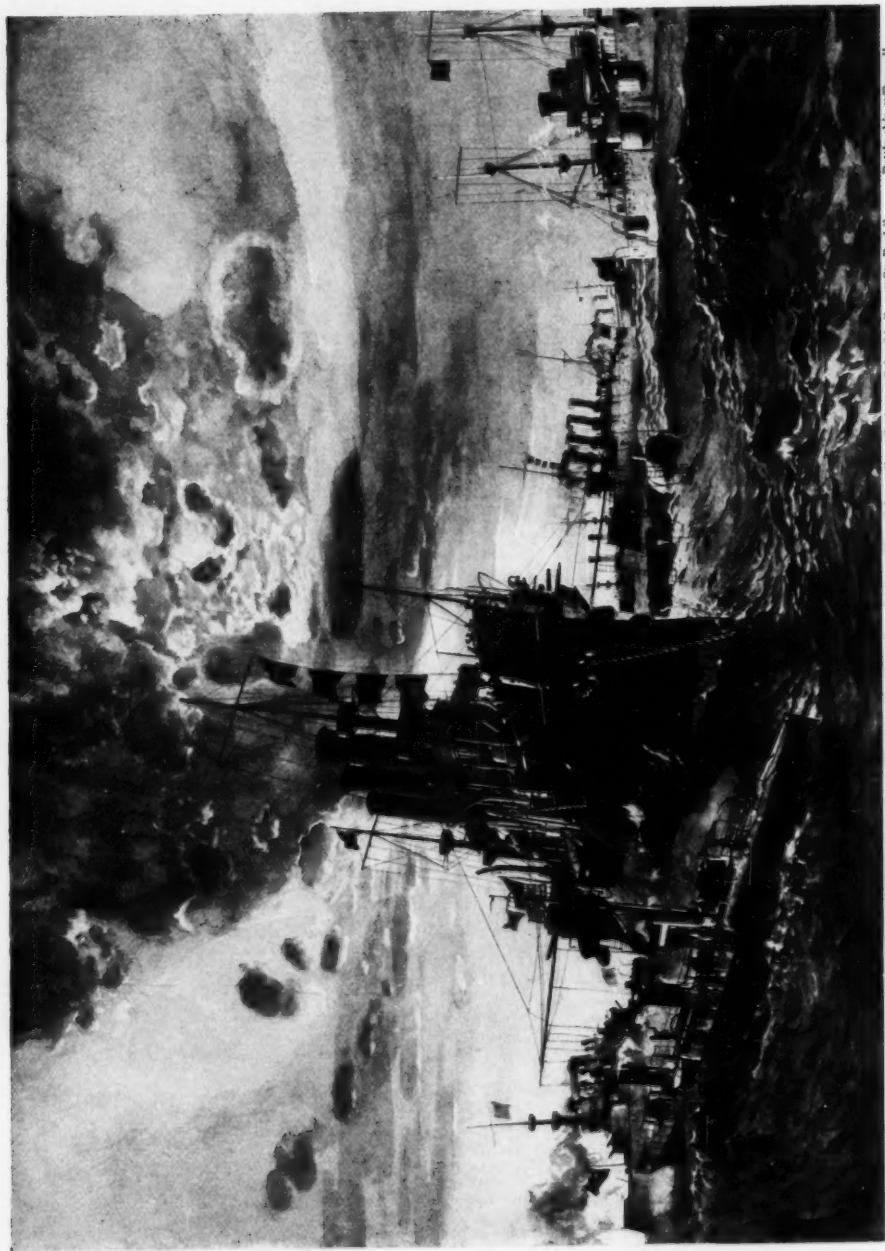
Cardinal-flowers, crimson-lipped;
Tremulous touch-me-not, jewel-tipped;
Shadowy arrow-head, that seems
Like the blossoms that grow in dreams;

Cresses all crisp and dripping cool,
Snatched from their bed in the shallow pool—
Who can count them, or who can tell
Half the treasures the brook hides well!

Then in the sky the sun hangs low
Little Elizabeth home must go,
Yet she listens once, as she climbs the hill,
For the rippling water, never still,
And laughs to herself for the joy she feels
To hear the rush of her carriage-wheels!

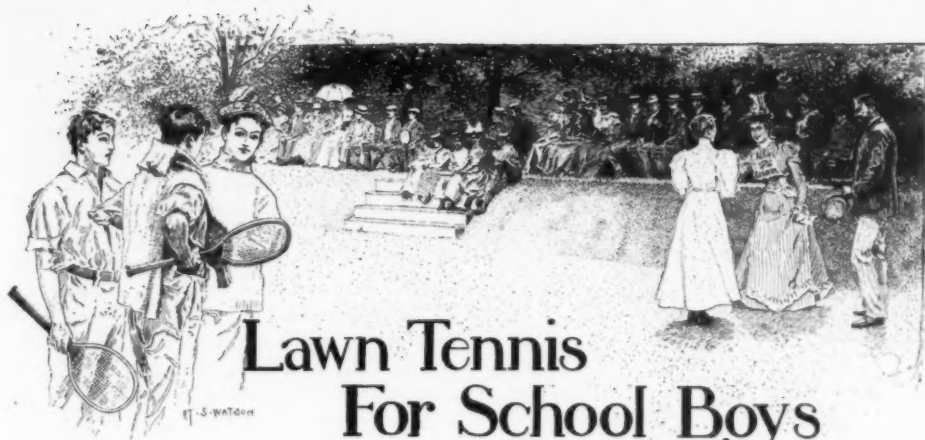
So, little maid, when the days are long,
And dull as the locust's changeless song,
And the drowsy old earth seems charmed to keep,
Like the court of the Princess, fast asleep,
And the grown folk leave you to play alone—
Go find a brook and a mossy stone.

Elsie Hill



Battle-ship "Massachusetts." Torpedo-boat "Porter." Flagship "Brooklyn." Cruiser "New Orleans." Cruiser "Columbia." "St. Paul." Battle-ship "Texas."

COMMODORE SCHLEY'S FLYING SQUADRON AWAITING ORDERS IN HAMPTON ROADS, VIRGINIA, MAY, 1898.



Lawn Tennis For School Boys

By J. Parnly Paret.



OLF may be more popular with our older relatives, but for boys and

younger men in whom the vigor of youth and the love of excitement have not yet faded, it cannot take the

place of lawn-tennis. Any sport that offers the coveted excitement, and is without the danger of overdoing the exercise through enthusiasm, deserves popularity, and lawn-tennis is particularly adapted to young people for this reason. It has proved a wonderful training-school

for immature organs; for the play develops a keen eye, steady nerves, strong arms, quick judgment, and furnishes plenty of exercise in great variety, without the severity of physical strain that produces the abnormal lungs of the runner, the hollow chest of the bicycle-rider, or the enlarged heart of the oarsman.

It is a game, too, that does not call for unusual qualifications in the beginner, and physi-

cal capabilities do not argue particularly in his favor. To play the game well — even to become an expert — does not require powerful arms or legs, great height or weight, or even particular speed or agility. Height undoubtedly is an advantage to a good tennis-player; but strength is little in his favor, and weight not at all. Tall men and short men, stout men and thin men, strong men and weak men, all have been successful tennis-players. I have even known a player with but one arm, one who was badly lame at the hip, and still another who had the use of only one eye, and yet all played the game well.

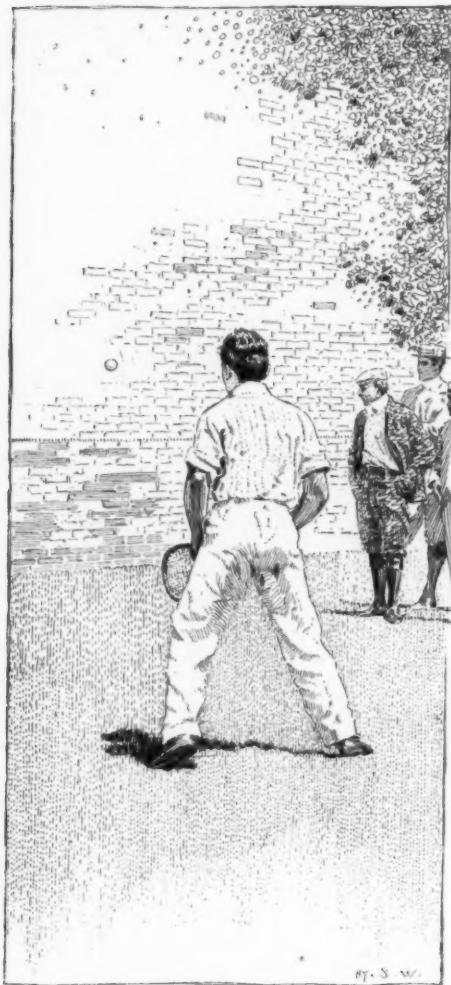
Lawn-tennis players generally develop strong and healthy muscles; and the excellence of the training is shown by the prominence of its most successful experts in other sports, and the general all-round athletic ability of its devotees. Those who begin to develop their unformed systems by some sport like this, which does not overtax them, usually make the most successful athletes.

Any form of ball-playing will help the beginner to judge the flight of a tennis-ball through the air, and to estimate the angle and distance of its rebound from the ground, while merely skipping a rope will teach a girl to judge distance and speed. One of the greatest elements of success in lawn-tennis is this ability to judge speed, distance, and angles;



AN OVER-HAND SERVE.

and it is a quality that is not born in one, but secured only through long training of the eye by constant practice and close observation.



As the ball flies swiftly toward you, you have only a second or two in which to guess where it will strike the ground, and how far and how high it will bound.

Before you can become an expert player, you must be able to estimate to within a few inches the spot a ball will strike, and to within a small fraction of a second of the time it will take

to reach an imaginary point in the air after it has bounded, so that the racket may meet it at exactly the right time and place. I remember hearing Goodbody, the famous English expert, who played in America several years ago, say, one day, that he was feeling in perfect condition for a match. "I believe I could hit a sixpence at the far end of the court," he said. And I have seen Wrenn, the American champion, look at a falling ball and, while it was still high above his head, call, "Outside!" and walk away toward the net with perfect confidence in his judgment. When the ball had struck the ground, the umpire declared it to be out, but not more than six or eight inches.

All this sounds very difficult, but it is the very groundwork of an expert's skill, and it comes so gradually to one who is learning to play the game that he does not appreciate its importance. You have seen a beginner miss the ball entirely with his racket? Well, that was probably because he had not learned to judge speed and distance properly, and could not time his stroke, or because he did not understand the old rule that the "angle of deflection is

equal to the angle of incidence." A little later on he has learned to hit the ball, perhaps, but finds that it constantly touches the frame of his racket, and will not go as he intends. He is

PRACTICING STROKES AGAINST A DEAD WALL

improving, but still his eye is faulty.

How accurate the trained eye of a tennis-player finally becomes is shown by the small circle, perhaps three inches in diameter, of blackened stringing in the very center of an expert's racket, where the constant hitting of the ball has discolored it. Pettit, the famous American professional player, used sometimes to play with a wooden lath three inches wide, against amateur players using regular rackets; and he often beat them, too, under these conditions. And yet the handicap was not so severe, when one appreciates how little of a

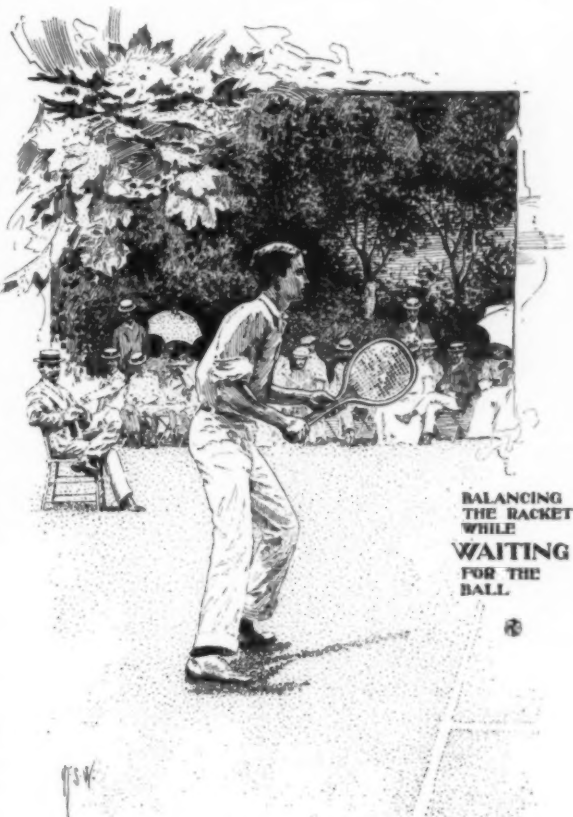
full-sized racket is ever used by a good player. The strings near the frame of a racket have little or no elasticity in them, and a stroke made there will not send the ball with good speed or direction.

One of the most common faults of young players is that of getting too close to the ball when making a stroke. But this is not confined to beginners, for even the oldest players are frequently bothered by it. One of the earmarks of good form is the ability to keep far enough away from the ball. The straighter the arm must be to reach it, the longer and freer will be the sweep of the racket, and the greater speed and control will be had. After one of the big international matches at Longwood, last summer, Mahony, the great Irish player, was complaining of his poor form. "Why, a yoke of oxen could not keep me away from the ball enough," he said. "I was too close to it all the time, and most of my strokes were ruined by the cramped elbow."

It is a mistake to suppose that good tennis strokes are made through the strength of the player's arm. The skill in striking the ball, even the speed of the ball, depends upon the proper swing of the racket and timing of the stroke, rather than upon its force. The racket should always be held by the extreme end of its handle, and the whole arm treated just like a jointed rod, like the pendulum of a clock. A regular pendulum has practically no power at all behind it, yet it has considerable force at the bottom of its swing; and a tennis stroke should be made at a similar point—when the gathered momentum is greatest. The racket should be swung from the shoulder as if pivoted there. The elbow and wrist should be kept pretty stiff in making the strokes until one becomes thoroughly accustomed to the method. To

be sure, the experts control their most delicate strokes by the play in the wrist; but this is the most difficult part of their skill, and one should first learn to play with a comparatively stiff arm before he attempts to loosen the wrist at all. The grip on the handle, too, should be very tight at all times.

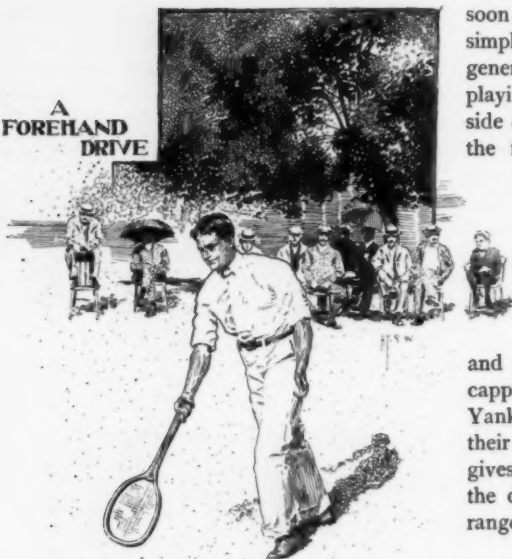
Even the best players carry their rackets in both hands when preparing to hit the ball, but never under any circumstances do they use both in making a stroke. Budlong, one of the American experts, used to help out his right



BALANCING
THE RACKET
WHILE
WAITING
FOR THE
BALL.

hand with his left in making backhand volleys; but the strokes were never well executed, and

A FOREHAND DRIVE



soon enough learn to use his wrist after the simpler strokes are mastered. The finger-nails generally face directly as the ball is to go in playing forehand strokes, or those on the right side of the body; and the second knuckles of the fingers in playing backhand strokes, or those in which the arm crosses in front of the body.

It is interesting to hear the advocates of the American and the English methods of playing backhand strokes. "Johnny Bull" says you must have your elbow below your racket's head for good form, and that the American players are handicapped by raising their elbows. But the Yankee experts insist that the elbow is not in their way, and that their position of the arm gives the freedom in the wrist that conceals the direction of the ball, and permits greater range in placing. Almost all agree, however,

the awkwardness and poor form of the play invariably called forth adverse comment at his expense. But to balance the racket before the stroke, and to take its weight off the playing arm, the upper end of the handle is generally allowed to rest in the palm of the left hand. Neel, the famous Western champion, used to do this more than any of the other good players. He steadied his racket before making a stroke by balancing its head in his left hand, and did not let go of it until the last instant before the stroke. His play in these strokes, however, was rather weak, and he carried the habit to excess.

The exact position of the hand in making a stroke differs slightly, according to the style of stroke that is being made, and, even for the same strokes, differs in America from the English grip. As an excellent rule, however, the beginner should always hold the racket so as to get the most freedom for his wrist, for he will



MAKING THE
BACKHAND STROKE

that the grip on the handle must be shifted in changing from a forehand to a backhand stroke, and most of the experts of both countries believe that the opposite face of the stringing is to be used.

Another cardinal rule that good players have made almost a watchword is that every ball should be struck with the weight of the body thrown well forward, if not actually moving in the direction the ball is to be sent. Nothing will ruin an otherwise good stroke so quickly as to throw the weight backward in making it, and even those made with the body stationary and perpendicular are never so strong. The forward motion adds greatly to the momentum of the racket, and increases its striking power wonderfully. Instantaneous photographs of the best players, taken while they are actually hitting the ball, show the body tipped far forward, and generally poised on one foot, the other being thrown ahead to regain the balance. "Snap shots" of both the famous Wrenn brothers, taken during the international matches last summer, show them in this position.

No stroke can ever be played successfully without being practised many thousands of times. Perhaps the very best way to practise strokes for tennis is against a dead wall, the side of a convenient house, or the wall of some large room. Ex-champion Slocum and Valentine Hall, two famous players of years gone by, both testified to the value of this method, and Slocum once attributed all his success to its use. I have known many experienced tournament players to prefer wall-practice to actual play on the court; and many use it every spring to get into shape for tournament play. The ball always comes back to you at a true angle corresponding to your stroke, and there is none of the uncertainty of another player's return to upset one's practice, or the necessity of running to meet the ball to take one's mind off the actual making of the stroke.

Nine out of every ten young men have all the qualifications necessary to become good tennis-players, but the chances of most of those who are ambitious to play well are ruined by the awkward strokes and poor form they generally pick up in learning. Few have the advantage of any coaching from experienced players, and the

longer these habits of play are allowed to grow, the more difficult it becomes to correct them afterward. Once started in the right direction, however, all that is needed is plenty of ambitious

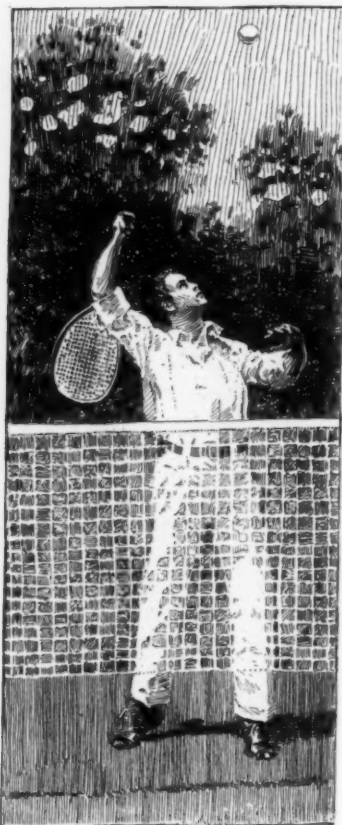



THE UMPIRE

enthusiasm, and steady, persistent practice, for early skill to ripen into final success in tournament play.

In America, systematic tournament competition among school-boys is of only recent origin; but the movement has been eminently successful, and already the national standards of skill at the sport have been materially raised by the players whose training began in school-days. The active career of the average American tennis-player is all too short, and this plan, which gives him tournament experience before he enters college, furnishes experts of the championship class

before college days are over and business life begins. It is a well-known maxim in sports, too, that those whose muscles are trained early in life always become the best athletes; and tennis-players have helped to prove this truth.



**SMASHING A
HIGH BALL
NEAR THE NET** 

Only seven years ago the first interscholastic tournament was held in the United States, and since then the movement has grown in size and importance with almost every season. The first holder of the interscholastic championship was Robert Wrenn, the present champion of America, and the conqueror of Eaves, Mahony, and Nisbet, the British experts who visited American courts last summer. Every

one of the five succeeding holders of the interscholastic title has since been famous among experts of national reputation; and how heavily this system of competition has contributed toward the development of "crack" players was shown in 1894, when all four of the young experts who had then held the interscholastic championship were officially ranked among the "leading ten" experts of the country, and their order on the honor roll, too, agreed with their succession to the junior title.

Wrenn, Chace, Budlong, Parker, Ware, and Fincke all are names that have been deeply graven in the tennis history of America, and several of them have been almost as prominent in other collegiate sports as well. Wrenn was, perhaps, the most successful in other sports, as in tennis, and his name is one of the most prominent among all those of American athletes. During his college days at Harvard he not only held the national championship in tennis at both singles and doubles, but played quarter-back on the "varsity" foot-ball team, and second-base on the base-ball nine. Since then, too, he has become a clever ice-hockey player as well.

Each of the big colleges interested in tennis gives, every spring, a tournament open to all school-boys preparing for its courses; and the winner becomes known as the Yale, Harvard, Princeton, or Columbia interscholastic tennis champion, as the case may be. The winners of these tournaments then come together at Newport, in a final series of matches for the national supremacy among school-boys, later in the season, during the annual tournament for the American championship. Last summer there were seven colleges represented in the series, and more are expected to send their winners to Newport this season.

Reginald Fincke, who represented the Yale sectional tournament, once more carried off the first honors, and he is the present holder of the national interscholastic championship. He also won the title the year before; but he will be ineligible to play again for it, since he entered Harvard last fall. Fincke lacks only a little more tournament experience, and the physical development that will come in a few years, to be an expert of national reputation. Already



REGINALD FINCKE, INTERSCHOLASTIC TENNIS CHAMPION.
(Drawn from a photograph by L. Alman & Co., New York.)

he makes many difficult strokes with ease and precision, and his play was a great surprise to the spectators at Newport last summer.

Dr. Eaves, one of the three British experts who were there, made a careful study of American tennis while on this side of the water, and in an interview recently published in London he expressed great admiration for the skill of the school-boy players he saw over here. The

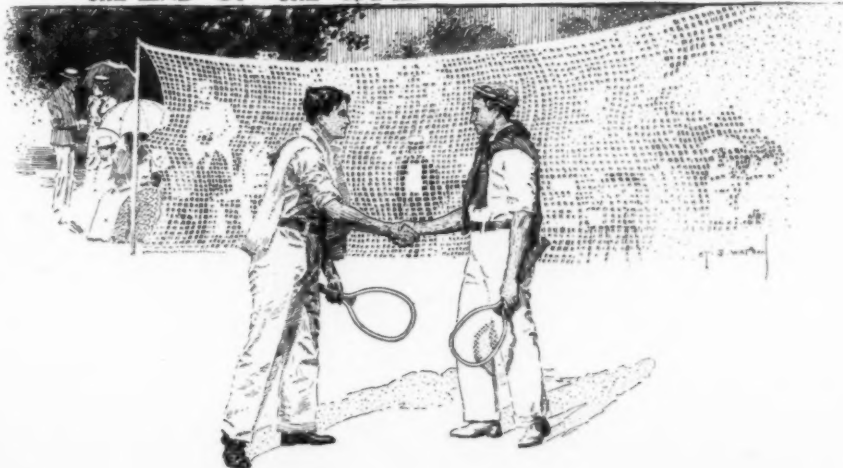
future standards of the game in our country are sure to be raised by the interscholastic movement, he declared.

"Where I think the Americans hold an advantage over us is in the promising young material they possess," he said, during the course of his comments on lawn-tennis in America. "I watched several of these young players in the boys' championship at Newport, and greatly admired the form shown. These youngsters have got every stroke, and hold out promise of great things. They form a nucleus the like of which is wanting here."

While the English public schools do not give as much attention to tennis, perhaps, as is shown over here, other forms of athletics form a large part of the undergraduate life at most of their preparatory schools. The young athletes of Rugby, Eton, and Harrow prize the "caps" given to the successful candidates for "varsity" teams almost as much as they do their diplomas.

It will come here, too, in time, and we shall some day see athletics as much a part of the curriculum of all well-regulated schools as mathematics or Greek. Americans are a sport-loving people, and they are gradually learning the advantages to health and physical comfort, as well as the excellent preparations for after battles of life, that competitive sports afford.

THE END OF THE GAME





WITHIN a short walk from the palace in Christiania, Norway, is the great University with its museums. The museums we found closed, with the exception of a frame building in which is one of the most interesting things in all Scandinavia. The *vagtmaster* (caretaker) here was a woman; and as she opened the door for us we saw, stretching from one end of the building to the other, the only real viking ship in existence. It is one hundred and three feet long and ten feet wide.

It was built somewhere between eight hun-

dred and a thousand years ago, and was discovered in 1880, at the mouth of the Christiania Fiord, embedded in the blue clay. You know, it was customary in the time of the vikings, when a great chief died, to draw his ship up on the beach, build a sort of grave-chamber in her, lay him in this rude shelter, with those of his worldly goods which he was supposed to need in the next world, and make a mound of earth over the whole thing. Sometimes he would be placed on his ship, which was headed out to sea with all sail on, after being set on fire.



The chief who was buried in this vessel must have been a great hero, for the bones of at least twelve horses and six dogs, and the remains of gold articles were found in the ruins. Robbers had broken into this mound at some time, otherwise there would have been many more interesting relics to show with the ship.

You will notice, from the illustration, that the oar-like rudder is on one side, the right side,

were propelled by both oars and sail. The one sail was square, and the mast was frequently lowered, especially when preparing for battle or when going against a head wind.

We saw several of the oars, which are heavy, and about twenty feet long. They extended through holes in the boat's side,—thirty-two altogether, sixteen on each side,—but there was no sign of anything like seats for the oarsmen.



THE VIKING SHIP, STARBOARD SIDE.

facing the bow. This rudder was known as the "steerboard," and that side became known as the steerboard, or starboard, side. This name is used, as we all know, even to the present day.

This ship is entirely of oak, and belongs to the type we call clinker-built, the planks that compose it being an inch thick, and fastened with hand-made iron nails, the joints calked with oakum. These boats, as is well known,

These vessels had no decks, but it seems it was customary at times to stretch a sort of tent over the men as a rude form of protection from the weather.

We saw the remains of a wooden chair, finely carved, which was evidently the "high seat" of the chieftain or commander of the vessel, who, as we learn from the old ballads, was "monarch of all he surveyed."



NEW BIRDS OF PARADISE.

By J. CARTER BEARD.

GOOD Mother Nature often has difficult puzzles to solve, but, unlike that other old lady who, Mother Goose informs us, "lived in a shoe," she is never at a loss what to do with her myriads of children.

There are the birds, for instance. We may imagine the question to have been put to her: "How shall these delicately formed creatures, destined to move about in the air, be clothed? Their covering must be such as will protect its wearers in the greatest extremes of climate—the fearful winds of the frozen poles, and the

the skin, and yet be capable of being made water-tight; and, above all, it must never add greatly to the weight.

"The heavy coats and hairy hides of beasts, the stiff, solid shells of turtles and lobsters and crabs, or even the scales of fish and serpents, will never do for them; birds' garments must also be of a lightness unequaled by any other organized substance." And Nature, working out the problem, produced feathers.

But Nature is not only the greatest of practical inventors, but also has an artistic sense, shown to a greater or less extent in all her works. Admirable as are feathers in being just the right covering to keep their wearers comfortable, they are quite as admirable as adornments; and the most beautiful feathers in color, shape, and arrangement are found in the birds of paradise. Those shown in the pictures are all quite recently discovered members of the family.

That such wonderful birds should have so long escaped the naturalists seems incredible; but they are found far back from the coast in the mountains of New Guinea, amid a trackless wilderness, the home of savage tribes.

A few years ago about a dozen species of birds of paradise were known; at present we can name some eighty-two species. The first to be discovered was the emerald bird of Paradise.

midday blaze of the tropic sun; it must render flight possible by spreading and pressing like a light fan on the elastic air beneath; moreover, it must allow the air to reach the pores of

Absurd indeed were the accounts given of this bird on its discovery. At that time, in the year 1598, it was supposed the garden of Eden yet existed somewhere in the far East, and that



THE PAROTIA CAROLE.

so beautiful a bird could not have come from any less wonderful region. It was believed to be a survivor of the heavenly creatures that peopled paradise at the creation of Adam. This belief may have suggested the name by which these birds are still known.

Space is wanting to describe the colors and markings of this magnificent bird, nor is

men of the *Parotia Carole*, a careful drawing of which is here shown.

Stripped of its ornaments, this bird would be as black as a crow; but with them it is a feathered rainbow. A diadem of purple, emerald-green, ivory-white, and sapphire-blue surmounts a black half-mask upon orange-colored brow and cheeks. A profusion of fleecy plumes stands out

at the shoulders, deepening from snow-white through many gradations of orange-brown to deep black. From each side of the head project three long filaments terminating in disks, which are, in fact, feathers of unusual form. Nor must the breast-plate be forgotten; it is the crowning glory of the bird that wears it, shining as it does with changeable hues of lilac and aquamarine, and rivaling in luster the most brilliant throat-patches of the humming-birds. This bird, of which three clearly-defined varieties are now known, was discovered by the traveler Hunstein, and by Dr. Meyer was named *Carole*, in honor of Queen Caroline of Saxony.

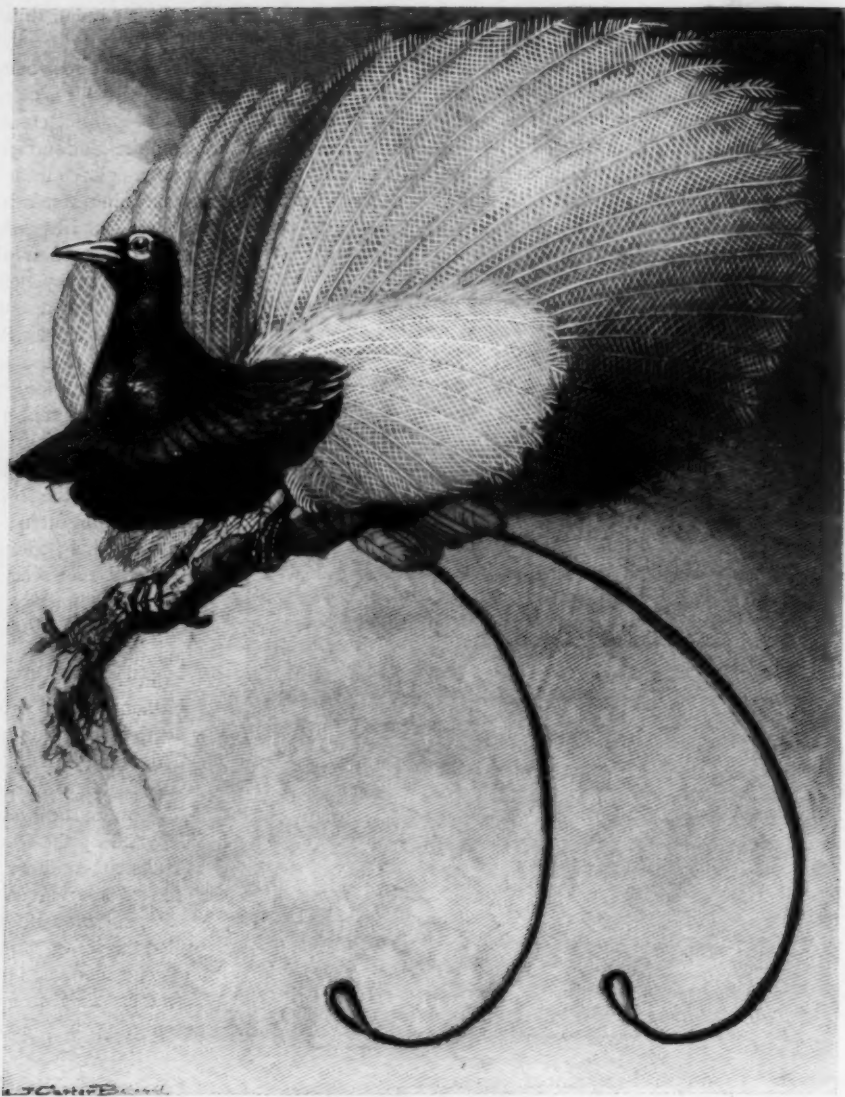
The modification of feathers that occurs in the group to which the bird just described belongs, reaches the greatest possible oddity in the "pennant-bearer" (*Pteridoptera Alberti*),

where they are transformed into two stalk-like appendages starting from each side of the head behind the eyes, and extending at least three times the length of the bird's body, as the picture on this page will show you. These shafts are studded from one



THE "PENNANT-BEARER."

it necessary to do so here, since specimens are to be found in all our principal museums, and descriptions abound in books of natural history. This is not the case, however, with the other birds which the accompanying illustrations represent. They are newly discovered and not generally well known. It is, comparatively speaking, quite lately that the Paris Museum has been supplied, through the generosity of a great Holland merchant, with a speci-



CERULEAN BIRD OF PARADISE.

extremity to the other with small, flat, shell-like expansions, bright blue on their upper surfaces, and brown beneath. A narrow necklace of gem-like feathers of a metallic-blue luster with dark centers separates the golden yellow of the breast from the dark velvety purple of the head and throat. The back is black with green re-

flections, and the wings display a band of orange. This bird is supposed to be a mountain species. Nothing is known certainly of the exact locality where it is to be found, or of its habits, though it can be readily believed that with such a head-gear of brittle feathers it does not seek its food on the ground, but prob-

ably, like most other birds of paradise, lives almost altogether high in the air, amid the tops of the loftiest trees.

Describing the extraordinary bird shown in our next illustration, Wilson's bird of paradise (*Diphyllodes Wilsoni*), Dr. Guillemard has said:



WILSON'S BIRD OF PARADISE.

"Behind the head a ruff of canary-colored feathers stands upright above the scarlet back and wings. The breast is covered with a shield of glossy green plumes, which toward the throat are marked with metallic-green and violet spots of extraordinary beauty. The two central feathers of the tail, prolonged for five or six inches beyond the others, cross, and are curved into spirals of steely bluish purple." The same author tells us that the strangest part of the bird

is the head, which is featherless at the back, the bare skin being of the brightest blue. The effect thus produced is made more striking by two fine lines of dark feathers, which, running lengthways and from side to side, cross the brilliant blue background. Wilson's bird of paradise is found only on the islands of Wagiou and Batanta, near the coast of New Guinea.

Another strange and beautiful bird — perhaps, taken altogether, the most beautiful of all the birds of paradise — is that discovered by Hunstein, and named by Dr. Meyer of Dresden for the late Crown Prince of Austria, *Paradisornis Rudolphi*. As we have the emerald and the ruby birds of paradise, it seems as if nothing less than the sapphire would befit the color and beauty of this magnificent creature. As seen in full plumage the bird appears surrounded by a glory of celestial blue, consisting of large tufts of light and fleecy feathers growing from each side of the breast. The back is blue, as is the tail, the two central feathers of which curve down to a great length beneath, each ending in a flattened disk. But it is impossible with written words, or with illustrations in black printer's ink, or, for the matter of that, with the most vividly colored pictures, to furnish more than the faintest hint of the

loveliness of these birds.

Give fancy freest rein, and it falls short of the truth in trying to picture the variety and constant exchange of every possible combination of graceful lines and decorative forms, with the never-ending play of prismatic color shown in every movement and posture of such feathered kaleidoscopes, free and alive, and flying amid the brilliant sunshine and the tropical vegetation of their native land.

PLAYING HOUSE.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

THE "House" is built in the corner, out of two screens. Inside is the little rocking-chair, and a footstool, that makes a nice sofa. The

The Big Man goes on reading, and does n't hear at first; so the Little Lady has to pull

again, and to say things to him. Then he says "yes," and goes right on reading. So she pulls harder, and talks it all over; and by and by he looks around, and then, when she has said it once more, he said:

"Oh, that's it, is it? You want me to pay a call, do you? Well, you won't mind if I come just as I am, will you?"

Then the Little Lady runs into her House, and the Big Man knocks, and the walls of the House rock, because he knocks so hard.

"Come in!" says the Little Lady; and the Big Man goes, and does his best to seat himself on the sofa without knocking the House down entirely. He does this at last, though his head comes up nearly to the top of the House—which makes him glad there is n't any roof.

Then the Big Man says that he's well, and hopes the Little Lady is; and the Little

Little Lady inside rocks awhile, and then she feels lonesome. So she comes out to where the Big Man is reading, and pulls at his sleeve.

Lady says that she's well, too. The Big Man likes that, and asks after the children. The Little Lady looks first one way and then



"SO THE LITTLE LADY COMES OUT TO WHERE THE BIG MAN IS READING, AND PULLS AT HIS SLEEVE."



"THE BIG MAN ASKS AFTER THE CHILDREN."

the other, and then jumps up real quick and calls over the top of the House for Mama to pass over the dolls. They come, all three in a bunch, and the visit goes on.

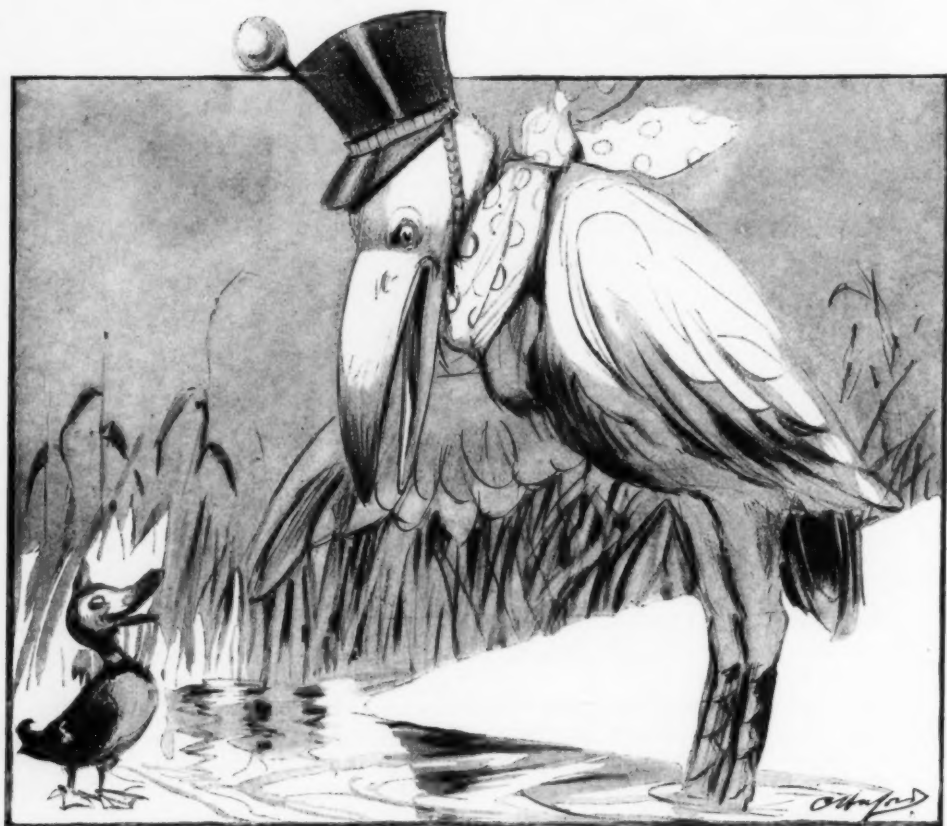
The Big Man says he thinks Bessie has grown, and that Annabelle is a bright-looking child. The Rag Doll he thinks might have a cleaner face, and that he might use her nose for a fish-hook. The Little Lady says "no," for the nose won't come off, and that the Rag Doll is really cleaner than any one

would think from only looking at her. The Big Man says he supposes this is because she has a bad complexion, and that maybe a new one will grow over it by and by, just as the last one did, about Christmas-time. Then he says "good day," and the Little Lady says "good day" too; and then the Big Man tries to get up without turning the House over, and has to hold on to the window-sill to do it. Then the Little Lady dances up and down, and holds to his

hand when he goes back to his paper, and rocks him a little in his chair. Then she returns to the House, and after about a hundred years, by her count, comes back and wants him to do it all over again—just once more before bedtime.

And the Big Man groans and grumbles, and finally does it just "once more." And

by and by, when the Little Lady is asleep, he reads and reads his paper, and then he gets up and walks up and down the room, and looks over into the little empty play-house, and sighs, and almost wishes that the Little Lady would always stay a little lady, and live in the little House built in the corner out of two screens.



"Now is n't it really absurd?
For I am an adjutant bird!
And I have n't a camp,
Though I stand in the damp
Till my hoarseness is truly absurd!"

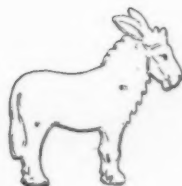


HIS BILL OF FARE.

—
BY CHARLES H. DORRIS.
—



He took a Goat for supper,
And then devoured a Goose.
And, being very hungry,
He straightway ate a Moose.



A Donkey quickly followed,
And then a speckled Ox.
He smacked his lips when eating
A dainty Silver Fox.



He finished with an Ostrich,
Did Master Clarence Bell,
Who next day told the Baker
They tasted very well.



- olive Rush -



BY HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER.

I.

JUST as soon 's I get to playin'
 Noah's ark or train of cars,
 Out there in the nice warm kitchen,
 Trouble 's in for me—my stars!
 'Long comes 'Liza with the broom:
 "Look out now, I 've lots to do;
 Clear your duds out of my way—
 Can't be bothered here by you!"





II.

Then I think I 'll try the stoop;
So I move as meek 's a lamb.
Get to playin' nice as ever —
Out comes 'Liza's broom, *ker-slam!*
"Come now, boy—you 're in my way!"
Out she flies. "I 've got to sweep!"
My Noah's ark, my cars, and me
All go tumbling in a heap.

III.

"Want to sweep me off the earth?"
That 's how I talk back to her;
But it 's not a mite of good —
'Liza comes with such a whirl,
Sweepin' dust right in my face,
That I have to cut an' run,

Glad to hurry from a place,
Where there 's not a bit of fun!

IV.

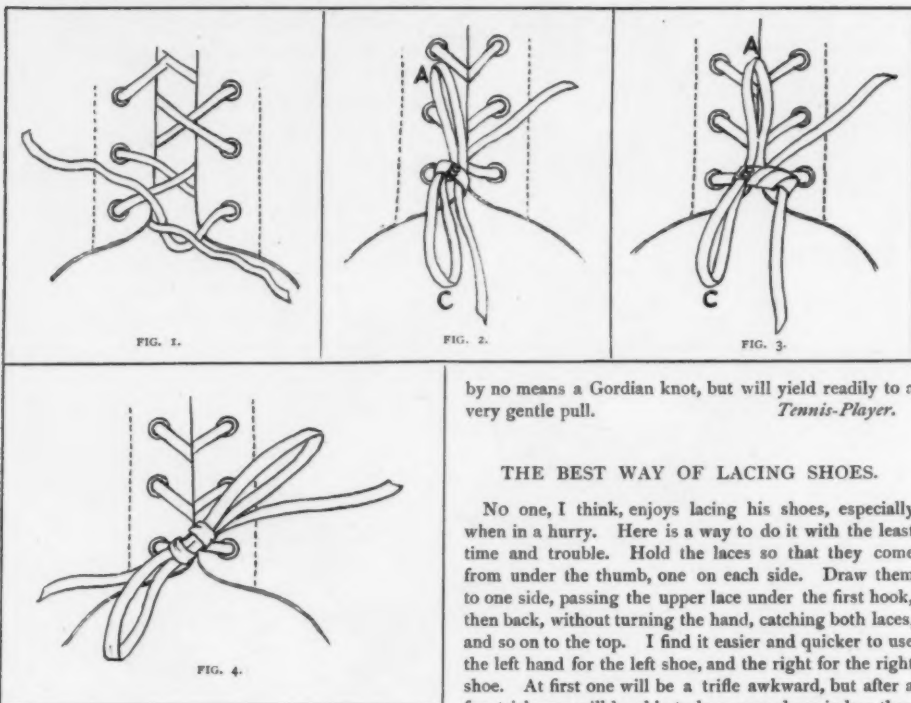
When I have a little boy,
He shall play just where he likes,
Litterin' up the kitchen floor
All he wants to, makin' kites,
Pastin' scrap-books, playin' cars —
Jolliest place in all the town;
There sha'n't be a 'Liza then
Always bossin' my boy roun'!



FOR TENNIS-PLAYERS.

MR. PARET's interesting article, "Lawn-Tennis for School-boys," will turn the thoughts of many of our readers to that delightful game, and they will no doubt be glad to receive two clever suggestions about shoe-lacing. These hints, while useful to every one, will prove especially welcome to tennis-players.

The items are contributed by two friends of St. NICHOLAS.



FOR TENNIS-PLAYERS.

IN tennis many players are tormented by the untying of their shoe-strings; and, indeed, this is often an annoyance in far less energetic walks of life. Having been recently initiated into the mysteries of a knot which does not come untied, let me pass on the recipe for the benefit of other sufferers. Do not expect anything intricate, for it is the simplest of simple things.

Figure 1 shows the first step, the wrapping together of the two ends of the shoe-string just as usual. Figure 2 shows an ordinary bow-knot, which everybody understands. Now take loop A, and pass it over and then under the part of the string marked B, and Figure 3 shows result. All that remains for you to do is to take the two loops A and C, and pull them tight, and you will then have (as in Figure 4) a knot which will carry you safely through the most sharply contested tennis tournament. Nor need you entertain the fears of a certain youth who, having been taught to tie a sailor's knot, remarked that he would "have to go to bed with his shoes on." For though it will never come loose of itself, it is

by no means a Gordian knot, but will yield readily to a very gentle pull.
Tennis-Player.

THE BEST WAY OF LACING SHOES.

No one, I think, enjoys lacing his shoes, especially when in a hurry. Here is a way to do it with the least time and trouble. Hold the laces so that they come from under the thumb, one on each side. Draw them to one side, passing the upper lace under the first hook, then back, without turning the hand, catching both laces, and so on to the top. I find it easier and quicker to use the left hand for the left shoe, and the right for the right shoe. At first one will be a trifle awkward, but after a few trials you will be able to lace your shoes in less than quarter of the time taken by the old method. The school-boy who showed me this scheme saved himself the trouble of tying his laces by having a large knot on each lace, which caught just above the top hooks.



THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that between the 1st of June and the 15th of September manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

LIEUT. MCCARTENEY, the author of the interesting article on "Ocean Storms," in this number, sends us this additional note about the great disaster described on page 847:

Since the sketch was written, the writer, in referring to the disaster, was informed that the misfortune happened to Admiral Rodney, and not to Admiral Graves. This criticism is incorrect, however; but I find that the error is quite common, as it appears in "Luce's Seamanship," which is used as a text-book at our Naval Academy.

In "Ocean Meteorology," by Staff-Commander W. R. Martin, R. N., the following appears:

"A striking example of the danger of vessels lying-to on the wrong tack is afforded by the fleet under Admiral Graves, in 1782, which, with a convoy of 90 vessels, encountered a circular storm in the middle of the Atlantic, and, through being on the wrong tack, a loss ensued of 8 line-of-battle ships, 70 of the convoy, and 3000 lives."

In Piddington's "Sailors' Hornbook" a more detailed account is given, and this account also explains, perhaps, why the event has been connected with Rodney, since the prizes lost were vessels captured by him, though not then under his immediate charge.

"The ever-memorable loss of the prizes taken by Rodney, April 1, 1782, together with an immense number of merchant vessels and nearly all of the men-of-war convoying the fleet, should not be passed over here, as affording a truly dreadful lesson of the importance of our science."

"From Mr. Redfield's memoir in the 'United States Naval Magazine,' and a memoir of Admiral Graves before me, which, I think, has been copied from the 'United States Journal,' it appears that H. M. S. 'Ramilies,' 'Canada,' and 'Centaur,' 74 guns each, with the 'Pallas,' frigate, and the 'Ville de Paris,' of 100 guns, 'Glorieux' and 'Hector,' 74 guns each, 'Ardent' and 'Caton,' 64 guns each, prizes, and a convoy which—even after those for New York had separated, and the Ardent, Hector, and Pallas put back—still amounted to 92 or 93 sail, were overtaken by a hurricane-cyclone on September 16, 1782, which increased rapidly from east-southeast. The fleet, fully prepared for bad weather, hove to, but, unfortunately, on the wrong tack, for at 2 A. M. on the 17th, when in about latitude $42\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ N., longitude $48\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ W., the whole fleet was taken aback by a shift of wind of terrific violence to north-northwest. The Ramilies, Admiral Graves's flag-ship, lost her main-mizzen, and foretopmasts, was pooped, and in danger of going down stern foremost. The following day showed that many of the men-of-war and merchantmen had been ill-treated, for there were 'signals of distress' everywhere flying. The cyclone continued at northwest, and before it left the helpless fleet the whole of the men-of-war except the Canada had foundered or were abandoned and destroyed, and so large a portion of the merchantmen that this is supposed to be the greatest naval disaster on record, as upward of 3000 seamen alone perished by it."

There would seem to be no doubt, then, as to which was the unfortunate, as the last authority quotes from the memoir of the officer himself. C. M. MCC.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been the Christmas present to us from Aunt Bessie for many years, and I

have grown so fond of you that I do not know what I should do without you.

I am writing to tell you about my visit to a hermit's cottage. My grandmother and I were visiting my uncle, who lives on a pretty lake in Minnesota called Minnetonka. One day we hired a little yacht, and a party including grandmother, my aunt and uncle, my three cousins, and myself all started off. We spent the whole day sailing about in the pretty lake and stopping at different points of interest. Among these was a hermit's cottage built somewhat back from the water's edge. It was a kind of black color, whether worn so by the weather, or painted so, I could not tell. It was a curious structure, one that I would rather not attempt to describe. In front of the house was a pile of large stones surrounded by a narrow rail fence with a flag at one end. We afterward learned that it was the grave of the hermit's brother, who had been drowned and the body washed up on the shore. We were met at the door by a feeble old man with long white hair and beard. He invited us into the hut, or cottage, which contained two small rooms. The front one was the living-room, in which was a bed, a desk piled high with papers, and a few chairs; adjoining this was a small kitchen with a little stove, a cupboard, a table, and a chair. The house smelled very strongly of stale cheese. The hermit seemed content with the life he led away from every one, but we could not help feeling sorry for the lonely old man.

Wishing you a long life, and hoping you will always come to us, I remain your faithful admirer,

ELSA S. BUDD.

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am always anxious for you to come, and then I read all the stories.

On a clear day you can see Mount Shasta from the dome of the capitol; you also can see the Sierra Nevada and Coast Range mountains.

I have been bathing in the Sacramento River, but my favorite pastime is horseback-riding.

Wishing you prosperity, I remain your devoted reader, NELLIE —

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like a letter from a little North Carolinian. My sisters gave me your beautiful magazine for a Christmas present, and as I am an invalid, it gives me especial pleasure to read it. I have been crippled a long while, over four years, and have to stay in bed most of the time.

The story I like best in the ST. NICHOLAS is "Two Biddicut Boys," and next best I like "The Buccaneers of our Coast."

I noticed in the May number a letter from Shiloh battle-field, and it interested me very much. Just in front of our house is the old Arsenal, once a very beautiful place, which was destroyed during the Civil War. My papa remembers all about it.

We have two little puppies named "Sampson" and "Dewey." They chase the little chickens and have lots of fun.

I have two little brothers, George and James. George is eight, James is six, and I am ten.

Good-by. Your fond reader,

ALFRED MCK. MYROVEL.

CHESTER, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Although I have taken you for eleven years, I have never written to you before. I am a cadet at Pennsylvania Military College, and like it very well; it is said to rank next to West Point. We have about one hundred and ten cadets here, who are divided into four companies and a band. The United States detail here is Lieutenant Hay of the Tenth Cavalry. We have infantry, artillery, and cavalry, and our first cavalry squad rides at the horse-show every year.

The corps was in the Washington Monument parade at Philadelphia last year, and the papers said we were the very best-appearing troop in the parade; President McKinley passed us twice, and we presented arms to him.

Some of the cadets here who belong to the National Guard have been called away, and if a call for volunteers is made a good many will go.

I remain,

GEORGE S. A.—

TRAFALGAR, ISLAND OF JAMAICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read your delightful magazine for nearly three years, and I like you very much indeed. I am English, and I came to live in Jamaica last year with my father and mother. We have a lot of horses, and I have a pretty bay called "Beryl," and mother has two dear little ponies who race to me for sugar whenever they see me. I ride and drive a good deal. I also collect stamps.

Your very interested reader,

ETHEL CONRAN.

MACHIAS, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Where I live is a very pretty town situated on the Machias bay. Machias is an historic place. It was here the first naval battle of the Revolutionary War was fought.

Where I now go to school there used to stand an old church. The captain of the "Margarita" was attending church here when he looked out the window and saw that the people of the town, under Jeremiah O'Brien, were moving to capture his vessel; so he jumped from the window, and ran down to his vessel to save it.

Of course you know that there is a gunboat named for Machias.

I am eleven years old, being the eldest of three girls, one three years old, and one a year old.

I remain yours sincerely,

MARION B. LONGFELLOW.

PLAYA RICA, ECUADOR, SOUTH AMERICA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read letters written to you from many parts of the world, but I do not believe you have ever had one from a mining camp in Ecuador, where I am now staying with my mother and father.

It is very strange and interesting to travel in a country where there are no railways nor roads. You must go in canoes up the rivers, or ride on mules over the mountains, and it is very slow and tiring work. To reach this place, which is on the Santiago River, sixty miles north of the equator, we were five days in a canoe. It was something like a gondola in shape, with two sheds built of bamboo and palms for us to sleep in. We had to carry our provisions, which were only canned meats and crackers.

The rapids in the river made the journey very exciting at times, and the natives who poled the canoe jumped into the water to push and pull us through. It looks very dangerous, but the Indians are good boatmen, and manage very well if left alone.

The forests on the river-banks are very interesting.

Enormous trees are covered with climbing plants and bright orchids at the top, while below the mosses and lichens and ferns are matted and festooned thickly together. In some places the hanging branches and fallen trees had to be cut away by the boatmen, who all carry big knives.

We saw lots of parrots, which always fly in pairs, and we heard noises that we were told came from monkeys in the forest. The butterflies are perfectly beautiful, bright blue and yellow, and as large as a child's hand.

The Cayapas Indians who passed us in canoes looked just like the pictures of the savages who came out to meet Christopher Columbus.

At the landing-places we were carried ashore through the water by negroes, and then had to climb up steep, muddy banks to the villages, which consist of a few bamboo huts built upon high poles. The natives are very polite. I have some bead necklaces and little dolls for the children. They seem much pleased with them, and say "Gracias" very nicely. I always read you, and I am

Your little friend,

DORIS FRANCKLYN.

REDLANDS, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last year I wrote you about a pair of quails that make their nest under a lantana shrub on our lawn, and how the poor mother bird was killed by a coyote while she was sitting on the eggs. Well, one day this spring, at the time when quails were nesting, my mama saw a pair of birds come from the orchard across the street and go directly to the lantana. The very cold weather last winter killed the top of the shrub, and the new growth was just starting out, so it gave very little shelter, and after the quails had inspected the premises for a few minutes they went away. Papa is sure it was the male bird of last year who brought his new mate to build a nest in the old place, for he thinks a second pair of quails would be quite unlikely to come to a particular bush only a few feet from the house. I have read in some of our books about birds, how they are sometimes supposed to come back to the same place year after year to build their nest, and I think this case is another proof of it. Don't you think so?

Yours very truly,

BOYNTON MORRIS GREEN.

PINE RIDGE AGENCY, S. DAK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl ten years old, and my sister Alice is eight years old. We have taken you for three years, and we all enjoy you very much.

We live within sight of the Wounded Knee battle-ground.

Miss Alice Byington sends my sister Alice ST. NICHOLAS. My sister Alice is named after Miss Byington. We are Sioux Indian girls, and we should like to have our letter in ST. NICHOLAS.

We enjoy reading the "Letter-box" very much. Our mama likes very much to read the "Order of the Thread and Needle."

Your little friends,

JESSIE AND ALICE KEITH.

OTTAWA, CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are two hardy Canadian boys, ready for all sorts of weather; but when a storm is raging, or the sun very hot, we love to stay in the house and read ST. NICHOLAS, and we are always impatient for its arrival. We read it to mother, too, and she likes it as well as we do.

We have a dog, "Jack," which reminds us of "Sparkler," in "Biddicut Boys," he is so intelligent, and we

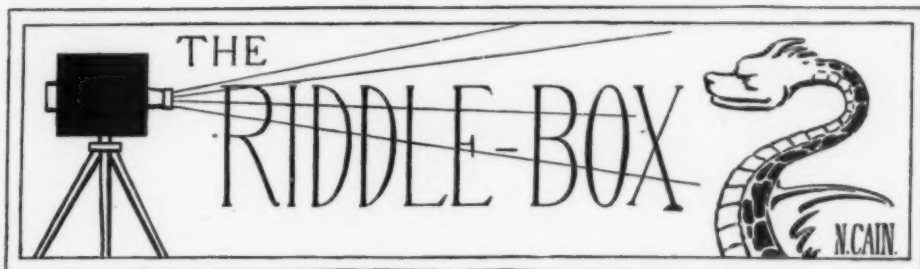
found him straying with a piece of string hanging from his neck, like the dog in the story.

We study English, French, and music, can use a kit of tools, and can skate, play lacrosse, hockey, and cricket. One of us is nine years old, the other eight. This is the first letter we have ever written.

Your friends,

GERALD LAMBERT KIRWAN,
PHILIP TREACY KIRWAN.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received: Edward S. Steinbach, Catherine M. Sargent, "Lucinda Belinda" and "Maudlyn," Lilian E. M. Birch, Nell C. Flinn, Bell Metcalf, Helen Lorraine Enos, Junior Whitcomb, Annie Keith Frazier, Marjorie H. Harris, Edith and Arthur Oberndorfer, Marie Hammond, Raymond Thompson, Ethel Wigton, Emma Gray White, and Walter F. Sherwood.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Post. 2. Otto. 3. Stop. 4. Tops.

DIAGONAL. Klondike. 1. Kangaroo. 2. Pleasure. 3. Apothegm. 4. Eminence. 5. Standard. 6. Vivacity. 7. Mandrake. 8. Reliable.

CHARADE. Gladstone.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Success lies not in never falling, but in rising every time you fall."

CUBE. From 1 to 7, Howells. From 1 to 2, Hiogo; 2 to 4, other; 4 to 7, ewers; 7 to 6, small; 3 to 6, wheel; 3 to 1, which; 2 to 5, oriel; 3 to 5, whirl; 5 to 7, Louis.

RHYMED TRANSPOSITIONS. Miles, Selim, limes, slime, smile.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Drake. 1. Davits. 2. Rud-der. 3. Anchor. 4. Knots. 5. Epaulet.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from M. McG.—Jack and George A.—"Four Weeks in Kane"—"Allil and Adi"—"Tod and Yam"—"Dondy Small"—No name, Baltimore—Nessie and Freddie.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Isabel Amelie Guilbert, 1—Howard Ellis Robins, 4—Eita and Betty, 5—"Maple Leaf Trio," 6—Mary K. Rake, 1—Musgrave Hyde, 4—Paul Reese, 6—Heloise, 7—Starr H. Lloyd, 6—Florence Celia Pearson, 3—Clara A. Anthony, 8—"Two Little Brothers," 7—Tom and Alfred Morewood, 8—Mabel M. Johns, 8—C. Janson and A. Wigram, 7—Sigourney Fay Nininger, 8—Alice T. Huyler, 3—William C. Kerr, 7.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A small ship. 2. A mournful or plaintive poem. 3. Certain animals. 4. A kind of heron. 5. Morbid formations.

II. 1. A common fluid. 2. Living. 3. Wearies. 4. A happening. 5. Reposes.

CHRISTIAN LOUIS WAMSER.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, the zigzag beginning at the upper left-hand letter will spell the name of an author; the zigzag beginning at the upper right-hand letter will spell the name of one of his books.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To stay. 2. The supreme god of the Canaanites. 3. In a like manner. 4. The valley in which the Israelites were encamped when the duel between David and Goliath occurred. 5. An Egyptian

goddess. 6. Soon. 7. A popular amusement. 8. A horned animal. 9. A particle. 10. A kind of leather. 11. To acquire. 12. A river in Switzerland. 13. A weathercock. 14. Part of a bird. 15. To turn. 16. To sound.

FRED T. KELSEY.

A CROSS WITHIN A SQUARE.



SQUARE: 1. A yellow clay. 2. To enliven. 3. The daughter of Nephele. 4. A memorial. 5. To erect. The cross names an English poet.

M. B. C.

RIDDLE.

I BELONG in a garden where roses are growing,
And over me Amazon's waters are flowing;
Unhappy the person who does not possess me,
Yet happy is he who can leave me and bless me;
For wretched, thrice wretched, is he who must take me,
And never again through his lifetime forsake me.

ANNA M. PRATT.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"DID the boy 1-2-3-4-5, 6-7?"

"Yes, he was 1-2-3-4-5-6-7."

"BUFF QUARTETTE."

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

I. 1. IN dreams. 2. A stratum. 3. An engraver's instrument. 4. Deserved. 5. A song. 6. A marshal of France. 7. In dreams.

II. 1. In dreams. 2. A pronoun. 3. A port. 4. Schemed. 5. To place again. 6. A snare. 7. In dreams.

"CLASS 19."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials will spell the title, and my finals the name, of a famous man.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Predominant. 2. To pass without injury. 3. The European kingfisher. 4. One who mocks. 5. Striving. 6. An emblematical representation. 7. An important European capital. 8. Natural. 9. To look over. 10. To reach. 11. Tenderness.

DICK.

CHARADE.

My *first*, in numbers, very long ago,
Marched in the van, to awe the Egyptian host.
My *second* raised his voice, but felt a blow;
Though dead, he 's not in heaven, nor with the lost.
My *third* and *fourth* combined was oft displayed,
By conquering Caesars, in the streets of Rome;
But all the world is by my *whole* dismayed,
And would avert it from their friends and home.

J. S.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of ninety-two letters, and form a quotation from the works of Charles Dickens.

My 39 is a letter. My 18-49-3 is a farming implement. My 56-70-87 is a beverage. My 65-30-12-61 is a feminine name. My 44-63-33-54 is a Samoan seaport. My 79-28-75-24 is a large lake. My 82-9-59-16 is a part of speech. My 14-51-42-68 is cut down. My 20-72-6-92-26 is the name of a famous house. My 34-84-37-29-76 is a surveyor's instrument. My 1-45-90-38-78 is fact. My 35-47-4-62-22-11-74 is a kind of spear. My 88-8-86-67-91-77-43-36 is to loose. My 13-2-85-55-89-32-71 is contemplation. My 17-50-57-40-53-10-41 is a kind of ancient galley, having three banks of oars. "The 69-21-15-80-64-7" is the title of one of Dickens's stories. My

46-27-48 31-19-60-23-5-66 is one of his famous characters. My 58-73-83 52-81-25 is another famous character.

GEORGE S. SEYMOUR.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.



1. IN bayonet. 2. The surname of an American general. 3. The understanding. 4. A low seat. 5. Specified. 6. Approaches. 7. Fear. 8. A feminine name. 9. Valleys. 10. A cheerless tract of country overgrown with coarse herbage. 11. To purloin. 12. Small animals. 13. Inclines. 14. Falls gently. 15. Pleasant to the taste. 16. To observe. 17. In bayonet.

EVA HAMILTON.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous American.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Wise men. 2. To dispose of. 3. A royal head-dress. 4. Ample. 5. A light vehicle. 6. Visible vapor. 7. A large spoon. 8. To macerate. 9. Overawed. 10. To discourse. 11. An inlet from the Gulf of Mexico.

"FOUR WEEKS IN KANE."

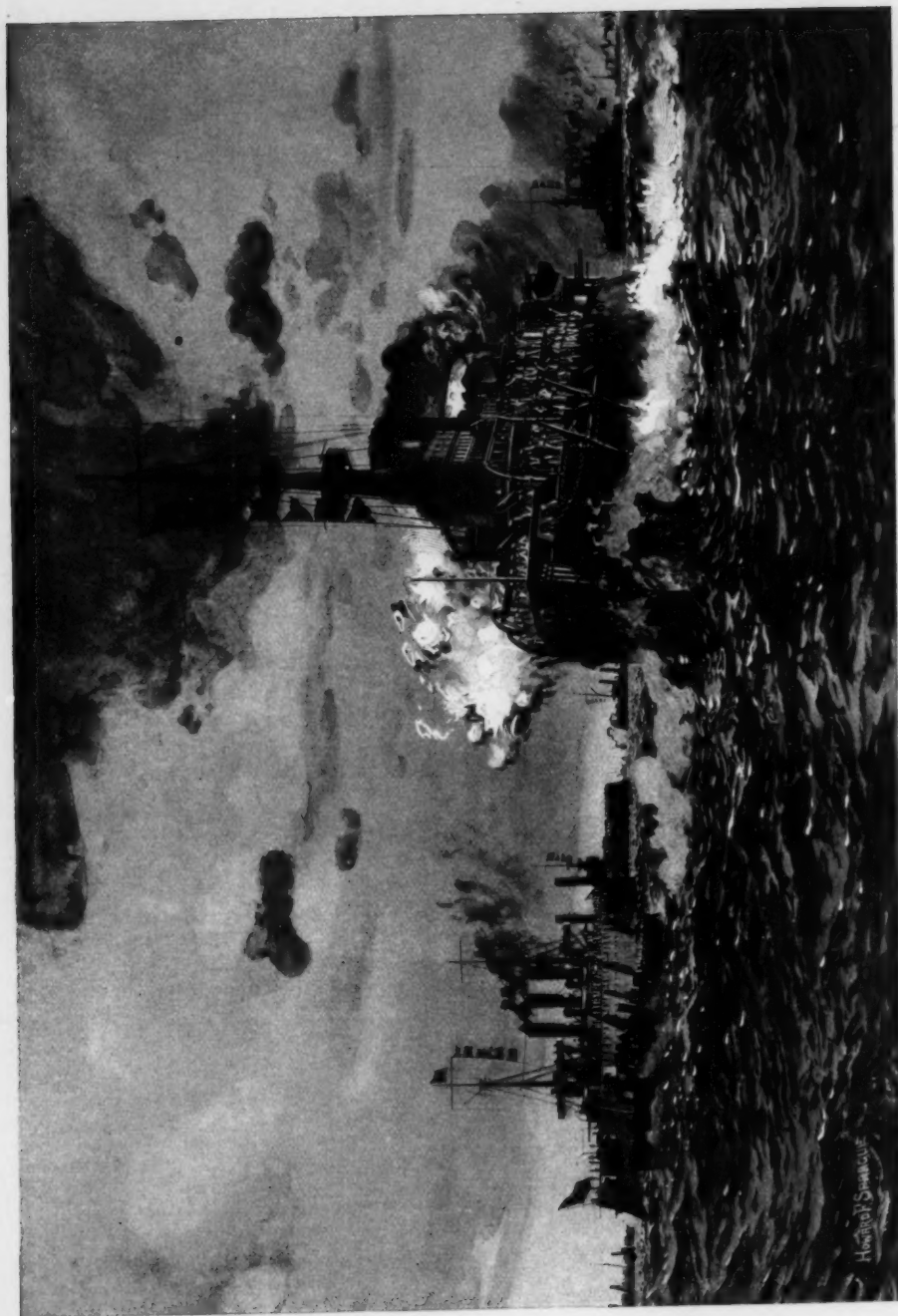
CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

FIRST and last you 'll surely find
Puzzles are not always blind;
Like many games we play with zest,
When growing warm you 've nearly guessed.

CROSS-WORDS:

1. A SIMPLE word in pieces break,
If you would a riddle make.
2. Then, to spell it nineteen ways,
Hunt orthography for days.
3. Make it double-faced with doubt,
Lest a guesser find it out.
4. Don't instruct in A B C's;
Shun didactics, if you please.
5. Make its meaning clear as light,
Also dark as darkest night.
6. Put it in your desk to dry,
And use it gaily by and by.

ANNA M. PRATT.



THE "OREGON," AFTER HER VOYAGE OF FIFTEEN THOUSAND MILES, JOINS ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S SQUADRON.
SALUTING THE FLAGSHIP.